

THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



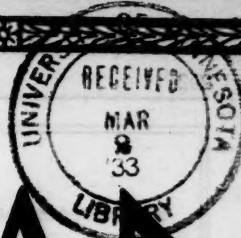
The Threat of Financial Crisis
Questions Raised by Technocracy
Our Incredible Constitution
The National Gallery
Iron Bars

◆

PRICE 25¢ YEARLY 2.00
*Published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited
Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W. Toronto.*

MARCH - 1933

Vol. XIII. No. 150



THE HAYNES PRESS PRINTERS

COMMERCIAL AND
SOCIETY PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS

502½ YONGE STREET TORONTO

Swiss Steam Laundry

ESTABLISHED 1886

"Service - Quality"



Phone Waverley 3051 for driver

THE CANADIAN FORUM

CONTENTS

NOTES AND COMMENT	
TRUE DRAMA ON FALSE CREEK	Clara Hopper
THE THREAT OF FINANCIAL CRISIS	D. C. MacGregor
APOLOGY FOR PARENTS	Mary Quayle Innis
OUR INCREDIBLE CONSTITUTION	Norman McL. Rogers
ANOTHER SPRING	W. A. Breyfogle
RUSSIAN HIGH-LIGHTS	J. F. White
THE QUESTIONS RAISED BY TECHNOCRACY	F. B. Housser
CATHOLIC TRADE UNIONISM IN QUEBEC	Allan Latham
MEDICAL CARE FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE	W. S. McCullough
NORTHERN NIGHT	Carl Schaefer
GEORGE MOORE	E. K. Brown
JOHN GALSWORTHY	H. J. Davis
CANADIAN WRITERS OF THE PAST— ALAN MACDERMOTT	Leon Edel
THE HAPPY DAY	Marion Nelson
SCIENCE AND CRITICISM	Stephen Elyot
THE NATIONAL GALLERY	Elizabeth Wyn-Wood
POST MORTEM	K. N. Cameron
GIDDY TIME	R. Orchard
BOOKS: A TRACT FOR THE TIMES THE AMERICAN SCENE THE FLAMBOYANT BECKFORD	

THE CANADIAN FORUM is edited by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in their newer developments in this country. The Board of Editors is composed of the following members of this committee:

General Editor:

J. F. WHITE

Associate Editors:

F. H. UNDERHILL - FELIX WALTER
E. K. BROWN - ROBERT AYRE
CHARLES COMFORT - P. SANDIFORD

The Editorial Committee is assisted by the following Auxiliary Committees:

Edmonton—D. E. CAMERON, R. K. GORDON, MISS D. J. DICKIE. Halifax—W. R. MAXWELL, GEORGE E. WILSON. Montreal—F. R. SCOTT, E. A. FORSEY. Winnipeg—WATSON KIRKCONNEL. Saskatoon—H. STEINHAEUER, J. M. LOTHIAN, G. W. SIMPSON, W. B. FRANCIS. Vancouver—A. F. B. CLARK, H. F. ANGUS, F. H. SOWARD, MISS K. M. PORTSMOUTH.

All MSS. should be addressed to The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM, 224 Bloor Street West, Toronto 5. A subscription to THE CANADIAN FORUM costs Two Dollars per annum, including postage, to any address in the world.



THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XIII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1933

No. 150

A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT?

THE air is full just now of rumours concerning the manoeuvres of certain business interests who want to force upon the country one of these so-called national governments. The loud whispers of death which we have been hearing about the parlous condition of the railways were, of course, a part of this campaign. They happened to coincide in time rather too closely with the optimistic statements of our bank presidents at their annual meetings to be quite convincing. Evidently the country cannot be on the point both of turning the corner towards prosperity and of plunging into financial ruin. But the persistent campaign of such journals as the *Financial Post* about unbalanced governmental budgets is directed to the same purpose. The *Post*, in fact, is openly predicting such a crisis as fell upon Britain in September 1931. In the present panicky condition of Canadian public opinion there is little doubt that a deliberately planned crisis could be induced in Canada at almost any moment. And the ordinary Canadian can do nothing about it except to watch the development of the propaganda as it proceeds to its culminating point. But evidently the gentlemen who are in charge of these developments do not fully trust Mr. Bennett. He appears to have repelled somewhat rudely their first efforts to put pressure upon him. But his mind runs along the same lines as theirs, and ultimately they will have him acting as they wish. Still, it is an interesting thought that the only thing which would make Mr. Bennett really popular in this country just now would be for him to appear as the alternative to a Beatty-Holt-Dunning government.

GOVERNMENT BY THE C.P.R.

FOR the moment the C.P.R. seems to have overreached itself in its campaign for getting control of the whole Canadian railway system. But Mr. Beatty's activities during the past two months have made it clear that we are facing a much more serious crisis than the mere question of transportation policy. If the railway crisis be considered by itself it must be admitted that his arguments for unification are unanswerable. But the unchecked course of C.P.R. propaganda to which we have been subjected recently is enough to give us a taste of the sort of thing that would become normal in Canadian public affairs if Mr. Beatty's ambitions are realized. We are in danger of having a great private railway corporation which is more powerful than

the government and continuously dictates policy to it just as Mr. Beatty and his friends have been trying to do of late; a corporation moreover which controls practically all the machinery of propaganda and information upon which the Canadian public is dependent for forming its opinions. As the *Farmers Sun* remarked, 'A C.P.R. monopoly would be more than a railway monopoly. It would be another government, an irresponsible, a powerful, dominating government. Canada has to make its choice. It is a choice between having the C.P.R. control Canada or having Canada control the C.P.R., between government by or government of the C.P.R.' Unification of the Canadian transportation system is necessary and inevitable. But it must be unification in a government railway system. Mr. Beatty is a somewhat clumsy propagandist. Let him keep on for another few months and he will have blundered into making the issue so clear that not even the dullest citizen can mistake it.

THE DOMINION-PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE

A LONG long time ago, before he became engrossed in the task of preserving our sound money system, the Prime Minister made some sort of promise to summon a conference of dominion and provincial governments for the consideration of the method of amending the B.N.A. Act. As the depression deepens the necessity becomes more evident for giving enlarged powers to the federal government in order that it may deal adequately with pressing economic questions. But at the recent conference Mr. Bennett asked only for a blank cheque on unemployment insurance. None of those present were inclined to face the question of how we are to get changes in our antiquated federal structure without unanimous consent. In the meantime they succeeded admirably in putting off unemployment insurance to the Greek kalends. Mr. Taschereau refused to abdicate any of Quebec's power over the subject until he was told exactly what Mr. Bennett's scheme was—a not unnatural demand and one that surely the Dominion Government might have anticipated. But at this point it became clear that Mr. Bennett had no scheme at all. The Ontario government suggested that a joint scheme might be worked out, such as was adopted in dealing with old age pensions, by which federal and provincial authorities would cooperate—also a somewhat reasonable suggestion which was at least worth further exploration. But Mr. Bennett dismissed it arbitrarily as unfeasible without deigning to give any reasons for

his stand. The Western provinces were willing to call all this bluffing by giving to the Dominion the powers it demanded and asking it to go ahead. But Ottawa, Quebec, and Toronto have produced a complete deadlock, which is doubtless exactly what was intended before the Conference met.

C. C. F.

MR. WOODSWORTH'S new political movement continues to be front-page news in the papers. And even Mr. Bennett, who a year ago was taunting Mr. King for the assiduity with which he listened to the speeches of the independent leaders, stayed in his seat this year to hear Mr. Woodsworth expound the Cooperative Commonwealth. That the two old parties are worried is shown by the eagerness of their backbenchers to make our flesh creep with dire tales of the ruin that socialism would bring about. Of course the effort that is being made by most of these orators to confuse the C.C.F. with Communism is completely dishonest. The two party leaders will not indulge in such crude stuff themselves but neither will they lift a finger to prevent their followers from doing so. We call Mr. King's attention to the performance of one of his Toronto Liberals, an individual by the name of German who is president of the Ward Two Liberal Association but who appears to be otherwise unknown to fame. Unless every Liberal gets out and does his utmost for the party there will be a revolution in Canada, says Mr. German. 'We will have the C.C.F. out with swords and muskets. We don't want a revolution. We don't want Socialism. What we want is reform.' It is about time that Mr. King made it clear whether he is going to lead the Liberal party along the lines indicated by Mr. German or whether there is some concrete meaning in the vague professions of progressive sympathies of himself and Mr. Massey. In the meantime the C.C.F. should be taking vigorous measures to provide itself with a much more detailed statement of its programme than has yet appeared. The Canadian people at present are feeling frightened and worried rather than revolutionary; and the only way to prevent parties of the right from capitalizing upon their fears is to lay before them a clear and specific statement of the immediate steps that should be taken towards a cooperative commonwealth.

CANADA'S FORGOTTEN MEN

IT is fashionable this winter to alternate tinkering at a jig-saw puzzle with academic discussions on the fate of the unemployed. It is being done in the best circles, and 'society matrons' have even got so far as to wonder out loud whether the poor things are getting enough to eat and whether their diet contains the right sort of vitamins. The upper four hundred have even devised a test to satisfy their rather uneasy consciences in this regard. Every now and then a 'society matron' announces that she and her family have lived off relief rations for an entire week and that they found them substantial and palatable. The natural deduction is that the unemployed are getting better food than they deserve and that all their 'grumbling' is fostered by 'agitators'. It should be unnecessary to point out

that frivolous tests of this sort prove nothing. The 'society matron' and her progeny could quite easily eat nothing at all for a week and probably would feel all the better for it. What the unemployed really have to complain of is not the actual food that is doled out to them—monotonous, badly balanced, and inadequate as it too often is—but rather the spirit in which it is given and the disabilities with which the givers hedge round their gifts. Chief among these are the insistence on complete pauperization and the denial of the most elementary rights of association to the recipients of relief. Persons on relief in one locality are forbidden to marry, in another may not own an automobile, in yet a third cannot consume any alcohol. But above all they may not band themselves together to present their grievances before authority. The whole spirit of Unemployment Relief as at present misadministered in this Dominion can be summed up in the words of a mayor of a large eastern city, speaking with all the complacency of a full stomach at a banquet of wealthy taxpayers: 'The unemployed have, I suppose, a sort of moral claim on the community, but no legal claim whatsoever. They should understand that and not act as if they received relief as a right.'

THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

IT is now the fashion among our financial and governmental leaders to look forward with hope to the great improvements which will result in economic conditions from the approaching World Conference. They were saying the same thing last June about the approaching Ottawa Conference. What one would like to hear from them, and especially Mr. Bennett, is some expression of opinion as to the policy that Canada should follow at the Conference. All that one can gather so far, and they all seem unanimous on this point except Mr. Bennett, is that tariffs should come down. But who will bell the cat? Unfortunately it can be predicted with almost complete certainty that the assembled nations will repeat on the subject of tariffs the same performance that they have been giving us for the last ten years on disarmament. They will all agree about the principle and avoid doing anything to apply it to actual cases. And the Conference will come to an end with some triumphant formula concerning qualitative international trade. This being so, the question arises whether Mr. Bennett is wise to think of attending the Conference in person. He cannot hope to occupy the centre of the stage as he did at Ottawa; and what is the use of being a backbencher in a session that is sure to be a disappointment? We suggest that he send Mr. Ferguson.

THE GERMAN ENIGMA

HE would be a rash political prophet who would venture to say what fate the German people will proceed to store up for themselves during the next few months or even weeks. It might be possible to take a cue from our bank presidents and say that as things could not conceivably be very much worse, they will probably get better. But even that is doubtful. The present regime in Germany presents the alarming spectacle of a coalition of all the forces of reaction. Wilhelmine sabre-rattlers and the Fascist minions of Adolf Hitler seem to have

decided for the moment that they cannot get along without one another's help. That is bad enough as far as it goes, and in the few weeks which have elapsed since the Nazi chieftain was invited to assume the Chancellorship Germany has been subjected to a flouting of all the guarantees of public and private liberty unparalleled in all probability in the annals of the Republic. But all that is still a long step removed from actual Fascism. The question is will the March elections improve the situation? Will a gain in votes for the parties of the right merely encourage the present rulers to intensify their reactionary measures? Will the alternative result, a gain in votes for the parties of the left, really do anything but anger the Junkers and Hitlerites and strengthen them in their resolve to have done with the 'comedy of Weimar'. The real tragedy of Germany lies in the fact that the great line of political demarcation is so nicely drawn; there is so fine a balance between the forces of socialism and of capitalism, of things as they ought to be and things as they were. When such is the case it seems doubtful whether any number of appeals to the ballot-box and voters' preferences can ever decide the issue.

GAME PROTECTION

ON February 8th, Ontario hunters began the annual jamboree of their Game Protective Association. Why the association calls itself 'protective' is not quite clear; but presumably the members like the sound of it, just as bank presidents love to sing about their 'service to the nation'. As usual, the really protective items on the hunters' agenda occupied but little of their time, their attention being taken up with the problem of bringing back the use of dogs in hunting deer. Two years ago, the Dept. of Game and Fisheries made a positive move in intelligent game preservation and forbade the running of deer with dogs in all northern and north-western districts. In 1932 the ban was extended to cover the whole province. That this step was in the right direction if deer are to be saved, there can be no doubt in the minds of disinterested people. And for obvious reasons: without dogs fewer deer are raised and shot at; a deer in full flight is more likely than another to escape instant death and receive instead a wound which will eventually cripple or kill it, so that several may be destroyed before the hunter has attained his legal bag of one; dogs run many deer to death by exhaustion that the hunters never even see. The plain facts are that still hunting requires more patience, skill and energy than our sportsmen possess, and the gradual disappearance of the deer is owing solely to the greed of hunters. Their outcry against the wolf is shameless camouflage. The wolf was here long before man, yet the deer got along very well—so much so that explorers were amazed at their numbers and early settlers lived to a great extent on their flesh. After the settler came the sportsman, against whose numbers and equipment no wild species can survive. In 1931, the number of deer licenses at \$4.00 issued by the Ontario Department of Game & Fisheries was 17,052. (Other figures are even more significant. In the same year, 37,235 angling permits at \$5.50 were issued to non-residents of the province alone! Residents fish free and therefore in unknown numbers.)

In 1932, the pursuit of game fell sharply, with a consequent reduction of revenue to the department. The sportsmen have not been slow to seize their opportunity; they now offer to pay a tax for the privilege of using dogs—but request the bounty on wolves be raised from \$25.00 to \$40.00. In short, they will try any expedient but the obvious one of self-denial in killing. It remains to be seen whether the government will fall for this gilded bait or stand by its principles. But first of all it should do a little sum. Suppose a \$2.00 dog tax from every hunter and the additional revenue, on the 1931 basis, will be \$34,000.00—a mean price for depleting the deer supply. If the bounty on wolves is raised to \$40.00 the additional cost will be $\$15.00 \times 2,500 = \$37,500.00$, and the public will pay \$3,500.00 annually to allow hunters to reduce our wild life assets. Not quite good enough!

TRUE DRAMA ON FALSE CREEK

As I went over Granville Bridge
I saw two seagulls halve a midge—
Or else it was a salmon fry
Left hanging in the air to dry.

A tired tug pushed a balky scow
As stubborn as a mooley cow.

A black Turk engine—C.P.R.'s—
Agog for coloured harem stars,
Eloped with six or seven cars.

I saw ten smoke-stacks fume and choke
To see the sky so clear of smoke.

A lanky, persevering crane,
Dibbling around a barge insane
Because of something on its brain
Heaved a dun ton of coal on high
As deftly as I heave a sigh.

Bare-skinned, sun-tanned, slim tree belles warm
Clasped in a boom's deceitful arm
Dreamed not he kept them safe from harm
To feed a shark with steel teeth in it,
That seized and ate them one a minute.

A wicked dredge with dripping jaw
Bit gravel from the ocean's paw
And put it in a flat-boat's maw.

All this I saw one day in spring,
And though I did not say a thing
I wondered if the speeding crowd,
In street-car mean or motor proud,
Had seen the drama, dredge or midge,
As we went over Granville Bridge.

CLARA HOPPER



THE THREAT OF FINANCIAL CRISIS

By D. C. MACGREGOR

THE financial troubles of the Canadian governments are an inevitable offspring of the depression. Although the embarrassments of Ottawa, Saskatchewan, and a number of defaulting municipalities are the most conspicuous, every governing body in the country is involved. It is impossible to understand a part of the picture without looking at the whole. Those provinces and municipalities whose deficits are small may contribute almost as much to the problem as those whose deficits are large, because the more money some governments succeed in draining out of the pockets of the people, the less there is left to collect the next time the tax-gatherers of the other governments arrive on the scene. While the fiscal position of Ottawa demands first attention, an attempt will also be made in what follows to present the broader aspects of the situation.

It is not easy to follow the changing position of Canadian finance as long as the federal authorities continue to suppress the usual monthly figures of revenue, expenditure, and debt. Suppression of the financial returns began last spring, and continued until August when quarterly figures of revenues and expenses (but not of debt) for the first quarter of the fiscal year were published. Early in January the accounts for the three months ending December were released, but no figures whatever of the net debt have been published since March 31, 1932. It is a sad reflection upon the alertness and courage of whatever financial critics there are in the opposition and in the press of the country, that Ottawa has been able to suppress the usual publication of such important statistics for nearly a year without being exposed. If the weekly returns of the British exchequer were delayed as much as a fortnight, the whole Empire would know about it. But the Canadian figures are delayed six months and nothing is said.

For the first nine months of the fiscal year, ordinary federal revenues have fallen \$3 millions behind those of the year before, in contrast with an anticipated increase of some \$35 millions. If the revenues during the last quarter of the year are no more productive than in the first three quarters (and there is no reason to believe that they will be), then the deficit in the ordinary accounts will be in the neighbourhood of \$45 millions. This figure is arrived at by deducting the probable revenue of \$325 millions for the year 1932-33, from probable expenditures of \$370 millions.

To the above deficit must be added the cost of paying the fixed charges of the National Railways (about \$45 millions for the year), the cost of unemployment relief (\$44.3 millions for the first nine months), capital expenditure, small amounts loaned to certain provinces, the cost of the government's operations in the wheat market (amount unknown), and a number of lesser items. Altogether, these 'special' expenditures of the Dominion government will probably have amounted to an outlay of \$130 or \$140 millions when the fiscal year closes at the end of March, in addition to the ordinary deficit of \$45 millions. The grand total deficit on ordinary,

capital and 'special' account, will therefore be in the neighbourhood of \$175 millions, compared with a total of \$190 millions for the previous year. About two-thirds of this prospective deficit has already been met by borrowing in New York as well as from the Canadian public, and the Canadian banks. The remaining third has not yet been secured. Unless, therefore, the government is able to delay meeting certain obligations until after March 31, or is willing to deplete its cash balances, which usually amount to \$40 or \$50 millions at that date, then further borrowing from the banks or the public would seem to be necessary in the next month or two.

The exact effect of all this borrowing upon the public debt will not be known accurately until the government decides to reveal its affairs once more. Probably the net debt will stand at \$2,500 millions before the twenty-fourth of May. That will represent an increase of \$340 millions since the beginning of 1930. Owing to the decline of the national income, the real burden of the whole debt is now from 50% to 75% greater than at any previous time in history.

One measure of the comparative seriousness of the deficits of Canadian governments is the percentage which the deficit bears to total ordinary expenditures. The following table shows these percentages for some of the principal governing bodies in Canada, as far as possible relating to the results of years ending in the calendar year 1931:—

	'Ordinary' deficit as % of 'ordinary' expenditure	Total deficit as % of total expenditure*
Federal Government	11.5%	30%
9 Provinces	6.3%	—
Ontario**	8%	28%
Alberta	18.4%	—
Toronto	3.0%	32.4%

The relative size of the deficit is by no means a complete measure of the financial position of each of these governments. Some of the governments in the above list whose position seems the least favourable have been able to finance deficits quite easily by borrowing. The ability to borrow is more determined by the size of a government's existing debt and by its past reputation in financial centres than by the size of the current deficit. Fortunately for the Dominion government, its hitherto sound reputation and the possession of a reserve of credit in the Finance Act have thus far been enough to offset the weakness in its current position.

There is a certain rude justice in the present situation. Ottawa, which is far more to blame for the present state of affairs within the country than all the provinces and municipalities together, is now undergoing the worst financial punishment of all. As a result of the disastrous tendencies toward continued deflation of prices and a smaller physical

*The capital expenditures of Toronto produce a large amount of direct revenue in return, those of Ontario produce a little, and those of Ottawa yield almost no revenue to the government at all.

**Revenues included accrued surplus transferred from liquor control account.

volume of trade, both of which the federal authority deliberately did its utmost to procure, the sources of the federal revenue have been cut in two. By maintaining a policy which accentuated the decline in the basis of its own income, Ottawa has also cut away the sources of income for the railways and all other governments in the country, to say nothing of the income of the population at large. Accordingly it has been obliged to give assistance not only to its railways, but also to provinces and municipalities which are confronted with rising expenditures on unemployment relief on the one hand and dwindling tax revenues on the other. Surely the economic sins of Ottawa are returning upon itself with compound interest.

Until very recently, it had been assumed by the public treasuries that their financial troubles would disappear as soon as prosperity came out from behind the corner. This happy consummation had been expected to arrive as automatically as the spring time. It was thought that prices would rise, trade would expand, unemployment disappear, and tax revenues return to their earlier levels, all of which would naturally result in balanced budgets. Anyone who dared to discuss the financial prospects of governments on the assumption that prices and the volume of trade would not be restored, was either so theoretical that he could be overlooked, or was so dangerous that he merited the pious attentions of the Chief of Police.

Today, however, the prospect of a higher price level, a correspondingly larger national income and higher tax revenues seems to be disappearing. France and Germany are afraid to take any steps to secure 'reflation'. Washington seems to be satisfied now that it has prevented the collapse of the banking system. Great Britain alone among the creditor nations recognizes the need for deliberately bringing about higher prices if existing debts are to be paid. It is safe to conclude that unless the United States changes her present policy, and unless the World Economic Conference achieves more than is expected of it, neither prices nor the volume of trade will recover greatly for some years to come. Unless our politicians and financiers soon learn something about monetary and exchange control, the only conservative course will be to face the future on the assumption that the national income is to remain at its present low level (about half that of 1928), and try to find a compromise between extortionate taxation on the one hand and widespread public insolvency on the other. The present policy of borrowing to meet public deficits cannot very well be continued indefinitely, though it might be prolonged for several years. To a limited extent public borrowing tends to keep money in circulation and stimulate business, but it cannot in itself restore or even maintain the domestic price level, when the downward drag of low export prices, intensified by the small depreciation of the Canadian dollar from gold, works so powerfully in the opposite direction. There is no good reason to believe that we can either borrow our way or squander our way into prosperity by public agency alone.

Can the budgets of Canadian governments be balanced under present economic conditions? If it is done at all, such a balancing must be brought about either by increases of taxation, or the reduc-

tion of expenditure, or both. There is not much likelihood that the present forms of taxation can be made to yield substantially higher revenues, either for federal or provincial or municipal treasuries. It is almost impossible, whatever the forms of taxes levied, to sidetrack much more than one quarter of the national income for the cost of government and in order to satisfy the claims of the bondholders (fortunately, most of the latter are Canadians). As roughly one-fifth of the national income is being diverted by taxation already, it has almost reached its limit. In order to pay their taxes (which includes paying themselves bond interest), Canadians now work for the common treasury for two and one-half months in every year. It will be extremely difficult to compel them to do much more than another fortnight's work for the same purpose without so disorganizing economic life that no work will be done at all.

The burden of taxation has almost doubled in the last three years. It has risen from 12½% to roughly 20% of the national income as shown in the following tables:

	Approximate National Income (in millions of dollars)	Taxation, federal, provincial and municipal incl. net revenue from liquor monopoly (in millions of dollars)	Taxation as % of National Income
1922.....	\$4,159	\$599	14.4%
1923.....	4,321	609	14.1
1924.....	4,272	570	13.3
1925.....	4,764	613	12.9
1926.....	5,152	654	12.7
1927.....	5,530	690	12.5
1928.....	5,931	739	12.5
1929.....	5,586	756	13.5
1930.....	5,123 (est.)	698	13.6
1931.....	3,800 (est.)	690	18.1

The only existing taxes whose yield can be substantially increased are the federal income and the provincial inheritance taxes. The minimum rates could be raised to four or five times the present ones on income tax, especially as applied to unearned income, the exemptions lowered and the maximum rates raised to perhaps 75%. The possibility of further evasion is very great under such high rates, however, especially among the moderately large incomes, while the danger of the export of securities to the United States by the very rich must be taken into account. The Canadian income tax has always been weakly administered in comparison with that of Great Britain, where the bulk of the tax is collected at the source and does not reach the taxpayer at all.

The higher taxation of small incomes is not in harmony with the ordinary function of progressive taxation, that is, to skin off the least wanted incomes of the community, but in the present emergency governments must put the productivity of taxation before its justice. It must be remembered that to be receiving any income at all nowadays is a piece of good luck, and renders the holder liable to taxation for the sake of his less fortunate countrymen. There are many salaried taxpayers who can well afford to pay more taxes than at present.

From the federal standpoint, there are only two untried forms of taxation which would be produc-

tive in the present emergency. One of these is a special income tax of say 15% on income from fixed interest-bearing securities, such as government and corporation bonds. It would not be a very desirable form of tax, nor very just, insofar as it could not be made progressive and would discriminate against bondholders and in favour of common stockholders, but none of the expedients to which the government can now resort to are likely to be desirable or just in any case. This proposal has the merit of being easy to administer and of imposing upon foreign holders of Canadian securities a burden for which they will receive more or less complete allowance in the form of smaller taxes from their own governments, due to reciprocal legislation now in force. After a tax of 15 or 20% had been deducted, the real income from such securities would still be as large as in 1929. Such a tax would be borne partly by foreign owners of the securities of Canadian companies and governments. It could be collected at the source, from the companies themselves, thus preventing evasion which is now thought to be so common among holders of bearer bonds. Australia used a tax of this sort prior to her conversion operations. It is an admirable way of softening the blow of a forced conversion.

The other untried form of tax is an export tax, levied either at a low rate applicable to all exports, or at special rates for certain commodities. The most obvious commodity upon which to levy such a tax is gold. The tax in this case could be made equal to three-quarters or four-fifths of the premium on gold, and would have the effect of saving the government five or six million dollars a year, by reducing the price paid for gold at the mint. It is absurd that gold producers who have for years had the unparalleled advantage of a fixed price and unlimited market for their commodity, combined with slowly falling costs of production, should be allowed to collect the premium on gold at the public expense. The peculiar advantage conferred upon them by the government has put them in a class by themselves, and they may well be forced to bear a corresponding obligation. Gold production is not and never has been in the same class with ordinary manufacturing. It is silly, therefore, to argue that a special tax on gold would be unfair discrimination against the producers, when everyone knows that there has hitherto been discrimination in their favour. It is not likely that gold output would be much reduced as a result of the tax.

The ideal form of taxation at the present time would be a tax levied directly on savings. Instead of the government going to where savings are being accumulated and borrowing them as it now does, it would be much sounder for a community which is already so heavily burdened with debt, to appropriate a substantial proportion of these savings by taxation. No marked decline in savings would be likely to follow, if the burden were placed chiefly upon the automatic savings of the payers of income tax, and at a lower rate upon the savings of the population at large, which chiefly take the form of life insurance. If it were practicable to divert the whole of the national savings by such taxation, the present budgets could probably be balanced by this alone, but savings appear in so many forms, and apart from life insurance premiums, are so hard to disentangle

from the rest of income, that the most effective taxes that can be hoped for are those outlined above. Ordinarily, the encroachment of taxation upon savings is unwise, because it restricts the supply of capital available for new industrial development, but at the present time when extensions to factories and railways are the last thing in the mind of the business man, the diversion of savings away from merely being hoarded in the banks is highly desirable as a short-run measure.

As for the provinces, it has already been suggested that most of them could raise the rates for inheritance duties. Apart from this, there is small chance of securing much increase in revenue from any other source, except by small increases in the taxation of corporate net income. The western provinces and British Columbia already have their own income taxes, the success of which is still a matter of some doubt. If the federal authorities raise the income tax substantially, then the provinces must leave that field alone.

As to the municipalities, it is impossible to generalize upon their financial position at the present time because of their varying circumstances. Some of the stronger ones are having far less trouble balancing their budgets than the provinces or the Dominion. Among the weaker, defaults are becoming common, and there is no prospect of much improvement in their position until prosperity returns. The chief difficulty of the municipalities lies in the growing total of arrears of taxes, and in the danger and futility of conducting tax sales. The outlook for the future is not a bright one, on account of the decline in the values of real estate. This decline will sooner or later force a general lowering of assessments and correspondingly higher tax rates. While the real burden of higher rates will be no greater than at present, since assessments will be correspondingly lower, a general rise in the apparent burden, from the present level of say 30 mills, to 45 or 50 mills, will make the taxpayer wince a good deal more than he does now.

In Ontario, many municipalities have wilfully neglected to enforce the income tax provided for in the Assessment Act. This has been done under the kindly aegis of a legislature and a government which has not bothered to enforce its own laws. Some municipalities can therefore resort to this neglected tax. Any general revision of the rates of municipal income tax is bound to come into conflict with the forthcoming federal revision. Probably there will be considerable friction between municipal councils and the provincial and federal governments, as to who is to get the benefit of the higher rates. The sparks may fly for several years. There may even be black eyes and bloody noses. Eventually, when a new generation of politicians has arrived, who have made the brilliant and original discovery that it is impossible to collect the same amount of taxes, from an aggregate income of the community which has been cut in half, then futile measures to raise taxes will cease, and a general attempt will be made to cut public expenditures in proportion to the decline in the national income.

The reduction of public expenditures is obviously very difficult, much more so than Chambers of Commerce and bank managers realize. There are four great obstacles to reducing public expenditures in

proportion to the reduction of the national income. The first obstacle is the burden of interest charges (including such government guarantees as must be made good), which is fixed by long-term contracts with the bondholders. Roughly, one-third of ordinary public expenditure is for this outlay, and in the case of federal government, almost one half. Closely allied to this 'uncontrollable' item are the federal government's war pensions, old age pensions, and miscellaneous federal and provincial statutory grants and subsidies from one government to another. Ultimately, even these most rigid items are controllable, as foreign experience has shown. The second obstacle to curtailing expenditure lies in the fact that the governments are obliged to render just about as much service to the people in a time of depression as in prosperity, notwithstanding a decline of 25 or 30% in the volume of private business operations and employment. A third obstacle is the difficulty of reducing the salaries of the civil service. These salaries have always been rather low on the understanding that they would be maintained irrespective of the condition of business. Many small reductions have already been made, but to cut the average salary by much more than the decline in the cost of living of civil servants (say 20%) would be unjust and very difficult but not impossible. The fourth obstacle to curtailment of expenditures during the depression is the burden of unemployment relief. The added cost imposed by meeting this emergency is usually more than enough to offset all the economies made elsewhere, but as governments are not usually troubled by moral niceties in the keeping of their accounts, it is often possible to provide for unemployment relief out of 'capital expenditure'. This device enables a government to report a deficit considerably lower than that actually incurred.

Such are the obstacles to reducing expenditures. The problem is quite different from that of any private business, except possibly a railway. And even a railway can cut its operations far more drastically than government can reduce the mileage of paved highways, or the number of school teachers or policemen or tax collectors or postmen.

To sum up, the costs of government are the overhead costs of society as a whole, which must be incurred in good times and bad. Once new capital expenditures on construction work have been halted and any overstuffed departments have been reduced, the only way to effect further savings is by general reductions in the price paid for labour and materials, and by the scaling down of pensions and debt charges. Wholesale abolition of departments is spectacular but almost impossible. The discharge of great numbers of civil servants is also impossible if government is to be carried on at all. Inaptitude and lack of training are far more common defects of the civil service than excessive numbers.

Suppose that our governments do try to reduce all ordinary expenditures substantially, without reducing the burden of debt charges, and attempt a cut of let us say 25% from the 1928 level. If only the controllable items are attacked, a reduction of 25% in these will effect an economy of only 15% in aggregate expenditures. Such a reduction would not go half way toward balancing the nation's budgets. We are driven to the conclusion, that if expenditures

are to be effectively curtailed then not only all pensions, statutory grants and subsidies, but interest charges themselves, will have to be reduced.

In the last analysis, all charges are controllable, though not without precipitating legal entanglements. Unless the dollar value of the national income is soon restored, Canadian governments will face two alternatives—either they must declare and prove themselves to be insolvent, and make the best settlement they can with their bondholders, or they must follow the much more orderly, just, and dignified method of Australia, which reduced interest charges on all public and most private debts simultaneously by about 20%. How long a choice between alternatives can be postponed, no one can say.

During the 1920's, the holders of government bonds received 4% of the national income, and were quite satisfied. Today they are receiving more than 7% of the national income, and with that larger share they can buy from 15% to 30% more goods than when the bonds were issued. They have gained richly at the community's expense, without rendering any corresponding service in return, due to the catastrophic fall in prices. The larger quantity of goods and services they now receive can only be justified on the ground that it is temporary, that prices will soon be restored and lower the purchasing power of the bondholders' dollar to its former level. But it is impossible to predict the course of prices, when ignorance and prejudice and vested interest are stubbornly opposed to such control. The most equitable provision for all concerned would be to reduce all interest charges on existing contracts, as soon as possible, subject to a provision that if prices again rise then interest charges will also be restored according to an agreed sliding scale. Unless such an adjustment is made, the steadily increasing mortgage of the bondholders upon the national income must sooner or later precipitate a crisis akin to that of civil war.

'But,' replies the politician, 'if prices rise, that crisis will never come.' Very true, but how long ought the peace and financial stability of the country be left to depend upon an 'if'?

All of the foregoing has been written in the assumption that the advocates of 'sound money' get what they are asking for, namely, another year or two of deflation, and low prices thereafter, with the virtual bankruptcy for agriculture, governments, and insurance companies, which must inevitably follow.

APOLOGY FOR PARENTS

You fathers for your daughters' sakes
Need rear no parapet nor tower,
Zeus seeks them not in feathery mail,
Surrounds them in no golden shower.

Your Semele the lightnings miss,
Your children please no gods but men.
You have escaped an ancient curse;
See to it you complain not then

That your fair daughters, mortal wholly,
Chased not to river nor to trees,
Bear children of your stature only—
No Perseus and no Herakles.

MARY QUAYLE INNIS

OUR INCREDIBLE CONSTITUTION

By NORMAN McL. ROGERS

DURING the autumn session of Parliament, Mr. Bennett announced the intention of his Government to summon a Dominion-Provincial Conference for the purpose of discussing with the provinces such amendments to the British North America Act as might be necessary in order to permit the enactment by the Dominion Parliament of a measure of unemployment insurance. That Conference was held in Ottawa during the third week of January. As its proceedings were of a private character the reports of its deliberations were fragmentary and unsatisfactory. But the many who were interested in the early introduction of unemployment insurance still hoped that an official report of the Conference would be forthcoming in due course. That hope has now been removed. When Parliament re-convened on January 30th, the Prime Minister was asked if a report of the Dominion-Provincial Conference would be tabled shortly. His answer was in these terms: 'The interprovincial conference was a conference of representatives of the provinces and the Dominion, and it was agreed that no record would be kept of the proceedings other than of the resolutions that were passed. They will be tabled in due course. They have already been printed in the press.' This statement is far from enlightening. The real significance of the Conference lies in its failure to deal successfully with the subject of unemployment insurance. Beside this failure its achievements are negligible. In the causes behind that failure there are all the elements of a constitutional problem of the first magnitude.

In default of an official report of the discussions which took place at the Dominion-Provincial Conference, we are compelled to rely solely on secondary sources of information in the form of reports of newspaper correspondents and public statements made by members of the various delegations. In the *Mail and Empire* of Jan. 23rd, its Ottawa correspondent expressed the opinion that the Conference did not approach the details of an insurance plan. 'It stumbled on the first obstacle—the objection of some of the provinces, notably Quebec, to any constitutional amendment by which the Dominion, in order to set up a scheme, would acquire any of the rights over unemployment now held exclusively by the provinces.' This explanation of the difficulty was confirmed substantially three days later when the Canadian Press reported that Premier L. A. Taschereau on Jan. 26th officially informed the Quebec Legislative Assembly of the results of the Conference, and made the following statement regarding unemployment insurance:—

The provinces, in unanimity, refused to countenance amendments to the British North America Act proposed by the Federal Government, which would have permitted the establishment of a federal scheme of unemployment insurance. In this respect let me say the province of Quebec will continue to defend the privileges which it at present enjoys through confederation, believing that it must protect them as a heritage for future generations. This we did at Ottawa, and we have no reason to feel that we have been negligent in our duty to our province in this respect.

However one may deplore Mr. Taschereau's outlook on constitutional and social reform, his candour

is refreshing and all too rare. In this pronouncement he makes no secret of the opposition of Quebec to the amendment of the British North America Act for the specific purpose in view. But he also declares that the other provinces took precisely the same position. This does not accord with the newspaper reports while the Conference was in session. In these reports the view is generally expressed that there was a sharp cleavage on the issue of constitutional amendment, the Western provinces and British Columbia being on the side of the angels (in this case *mirabile dictu* the Dominion Government), while Quebec and Ontario, supported by the Maritime provinces, presented a united front against any amendment of the constitution. Probably, we shall be kept in ignorance of what actually occurred. But enough has been revealed to indicate the seriousness of our present predicament. The British North America Act is seemingly as inviolable as the Ark of the Covenant. By a combination of forgetfulness, procrastination, compromise, and ineptitude we have possessed ourselves of a constitution that is virtually unchangeable except by a miracle of unanimous provincial consent or by the extra-legal method of revolution.

To realize the true nature of the problem that confronts us it is necessary to recall the events leading up to the passage of the British North America Act, and the more recent developments through which the effective power over its amendment has been transferred to Canada. The remote origin of our difficulties in amending the British North America Act is to be found in the failure of those who drafted the Quebec and London Resolutions to make any provision for the future alteration of the constitution which was to be based upon these resolutions. The reasons for this omission are obscure. Certainly the study of other federal constitutions, notably that of the United States, would have directed attention to the vital importance of incorporating an amendment procedure in the written constitutional instrument. We know that some of the Canadian delegates at the Quebec and London Conferences, especially Sir John Macdonald, the chief architect of union, had examined the American constitution with the utmost care. Several inferences may be drawn from the facts as we know them. It is possible that Macdonald and his colleagues felt that an amendment procedure was a matter for the decision of the Imperial Parliament. It is equally possible that they appreciated the difficulties of reaching an agreement on an amendment procedure among the several provincial delegations, and preferred to leave the matter in abeyance rather than wreck the prospect of union on a question which did not seem of immediate importance. An alternative explanation lies in the well-known predilection of Macdonald for a legislative union. He may have believed that the provinces would accept in time the subordinate position which he felt they should occupy under the Quebec Resolutions, and would submit to such amendments as might be proposed thereafter at the instance of the Dominion Parliament. No one can say which of

these explanations is the true one. It is equally difficult to account for the failure of Lord Carnarvon and his colleagues in London to make some provision for the future amendment of the British North America Act. At the suggestion of the British representatives a provision was inserted in that Act to avoid the possibility of a deadlock between the Senate and the House of Commons. But no proposal was made to avert a deadlock between the Dominion and the provinces on the subject of constitutional amendment. When the British North America Act came into operation it was lacking in any specific provision for its own amendment.

How then has the Canadian Constitution been altered during the past sixty-five years? Formally, of course, every amendment has assumed the character of a statute of the Imperial Parliament. But at whose request were these changes made? Were the provinces parties to the proposed amendments or were they made solely at the instance of the Dominion Parliament? The answer to this question may be stated briefly. All formal amendments to the British North America Act since 1867 have been made in accordance with the terms of a Joint Address of the Senate and House of Commons of the Dominion. Only on one occasion was there a prior consultation with the provinces, and in this case the provinces did not agree unanimously to the amendment proposed. It should be observed, however, that only one of these amendments entrenched on provincial rights, and this amendment did not affect prejudicially the interests of the larger provinces. There is no record of any case in which the Imperial Parliament refused to act in accordance with the terms of a Joint Address of the Dominion Parliament. On one occasion, however, Mr. Winston Churchill, then Under-Secretary for the Colonies, made a significant observation regarding the attitude the Imperial Government might take in the event of a province protesting against the terms of an amendment proposed by the Dominion Parliament:

He would be very sorry if it were thought that the action which His Majesty's Government had decided to take meant that they had decided to establish as a precedent that, whenever there was a difference on the Constitutional question between the Federal Government and one of the Provinces, the Imperial Government would always be prepared to accept the Federal point of view, as against the Provincial.

This is the only official pronouncement which may be quoted in support of the claims of the provinces to an equal voice in the amendment of the British North America Act. It appears to imply that in the event of a disagreement between the Dominion and the provinces the Imperial Government would attempt to reconcile the difference between them.

How has this situation been complicated by the Statute of Westminster? The answer to this question is more difficult to state in concise terms. Broadly speaking, it was the effect of that statute to transfer to Canada the complete power over amendments of the British North America Act, although in a formal sense such amendments would be enacted as before by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. There was, however, a saving clause in the Statute of Westminster to the effect that it was not to be interpreted as altering the existing procedure in regard to the amendment of the British

North America Act. But what is this existing procedure? It has already been indicated that there is no established usage regarding the amendment of provisions of that Act which entrench directly on the provincial jurisdictions, such as the recent proposal to transfer the control over unemployment insurance to the Dominion Parliament. In other words, the Imperial Parliament has divested itself of its last remnant of control over the amendment of the Canadian Constitution. Its future action in this regard will be purely mechanical and automatic. The effective control over constitutional amendment has been transferred to Canada. And now, having possessed ourselves of the power of amendment, we do not know how to make use of it. To leave the amending power in the hands of the Dominion Parliament is utterly impracticable. It would place the provinces under the control of the Dominion, thus violating the federal principle upon which the constitution is founded. The provinces, however, and more especially Quebec and Ontario, have advanced the equally untenable doctrine of unanimous consent, a theory which lays down the bold principle that no amendments of the constitution shall be made without their unanimous approval. It is this doctrine, combined with the evident reluctance of the Dominion Government to give it vigorous opposition, which has produced the stalemate which now confronts us, and has given Canada the unenviable distinction of possessing the most rigid federal constitution on the face of the earth.

It is idle perhaps at this date to enlarge upon our past failure to deal boldly with this problem of constitutional amendment, but the writer can at least claim to have directed attention to the seriousness of the question before the Statute of Westminster put further difficulties in the way of its solution. There have been two occasions within recent years when corrective or remedial action might have been taken. The first was the Dominion-Provincial Conference of 1927, when the subject of constitutional amendment was raised for discussion, and when a compromise scheme was advanced by the Dominion which prepared to meet every requirement of a reasonable federal procedure for constitutional amendment. Certain provinces opposed this proposal and no further action was taken. The other occasion was immediately prior to the Imperial Conference of 1930 and in the interval between that Conference and the enactment of the Statute of Westminster. This was in some respects the best opportunity for a settlement of this vexed question without causing an upheaval in domestic politics. Other far-reaching constitutional changes in the British Commonwealth were in contemplation, some of them having a distinct bearing on the subject of amendment procedure in Canada. Mr. Bennett was fresh from a general election with a substantial majority of supporters and a parliamentary term of from four to five years stretching out before him. The settlement of a procedure for amending the British North America Act might well have been arranged at this time as part of the larger scheme of adjustment which was determined by the Imperial Conference of 1930 and effected by the Statute of Westminster. That opportunity was not merely passed by. It was disregarded under circum-

stances which made it much more difficult to deal with the subject at a later date, for Mr. Bennett, in summoning a Dominion-Provincial Conference to deal with the repeal of the Colonial Laws Validity Act in its relation to Canada, gave a tacit if not a formal approval to the reactionary doctrine of unanimous consent.

This then is the real significance of the failure of the recent Dominion-Provincial Conference on unemployment insurance. It has revealed once again our apparent impotence in the amendment of our own constitution, and it is likely to strengthen still further the demand of the provinces for an amendment procedure which will require their unanimous consent. It may be that the opposition of the provinces to the transfer of unemployment insurance to the Dominion jurisdiction was so general as to render such a change impossible even had we possessed a proper federal procedure for constitutional amendment. But the larger question is far more important than this. No reasonable person can contend that the present distribution of powers between the Dominion and provinces is ideally logical, efficient, or economical. As time goes on, the march of opinion and the forces of social and economic transformation will call for an increasing measure of modification which cannot be achieved solely through the agency of judicial interpretation. We must face the problem courageously and with the same spirit of forbearance and conciliation which actuated the provincial delegations at the Quebec and London Conferences. The subversive doctrine of unanimous consent must be rejected with finality. A Constitutional Convention should be summoned for the express purpose of formulating a reasonably flexible amendment procedure which shall be incorporated in the British North America Act. Delay has already proved costly. Further procrastination will only make the problem more difficult of amicable solution. Unless action is taken soon we shall find that imperceptibly we have become a loose league of provinces with Quebec and Ontario installed as paramount powers. Such an eventuality would be as dangerous for these provinces in the last resort as it would be fatal to the success of federation. The vitality and purpose of our national development are involved in the wise settlement of this question.

ANOTHER SPRING

Some March when raucous crows cry in
The spring once more upon our land,
We shall not hear their flying din
Or, if it reach us, understand.

Life, busy with the things of earth,
Can spare our sorry lips no breath,
No thought amid that green rebirth
For the mock-winter of our death.

It will be grace enough for us
If where we walked with spring last year
Hedges be white and odorous,
Birds call, as if they thought us near.

W. A. BREYFOGLE

RUSSIAN HIGH-LIGHTS

II.

Iron Bars

THE main prison of Kharkov looks like a prison. So far as outward appearances go, there is nothing to distinguish it from the typical penal institution which may be found in any civilized community. Like most prisons it seems to embody, in concrete form, the repressive power of the modern state; the punitive power behind the law; the relentless force that compels adherence to our existing code of morals and customs. Superficially, the Kharkov prison is the same austere, relentless edifice that it was in the days of the Czars. It is massively built of cold, grey stone, and on the high walls that surround the prison you may catch an occasional glint of light from the bayonets of the armed guards. In the deep-set windows there are heavy, rusty, iron bars, and, inside the main buildings, the corridors are divided, at intervals, by formidable iron grills. The whole atmosphere of such a place is well calculated to strike terror into the heart of the criminal, and to underline the moral that the way of the transgressor is hard.

But in Soviet Russia today it is well to look beneath the external aspect of things. When the proletariat seized power, fifteen years ago, they did not merely transfer authority from one class to another. The whirlwind of revolution swept through every institution in Russia—through universities and schools, through churches and army barracks, through prisons and reformatories—and all the accumulated traditions of centuries of feudal and semi-feudal rule were tumbled into oblivion. So that although the shell of the Kharkov prison remains intact—the buildings practically unchanged—within the walls there are new principles and an entirely new spirit, and the life which goes on inside the prison is very different from the life of sixteen years ago.

* * *

The basic change in the Russian prison system is that the principle of punishment has been entirely abolished. The inmate of a jail is not regarded as a 'wicked' individual who must undergo a period of suffering in order to expiate a moral transgression, but rather as the victim of a bad environment. If crime is a result of defective education it is obvious that the criminal cannot be held morally responsible for his anti-social behaviour, and therefore the state cannot reasonably exact any penalty. But so long as these anti-social elements persist, the state is obliged to take measures to protect the community. So the law-breaker in the Soviet Union is placed in detention, not to be punished, but to be trained as a normal useful citizen. It is, of course, well known that this general theory is held by a number of modern penologists, but Russia is the first country where the principle has been officially adopted by the government and carried out to its logical conclusion.

As no question of moral guilt is involved, no stigma is attached to the prisoner, and everything is done to make the life within the prison as much like normal life outside as possible. In Kharkov, the prisoners are not numbered, and they do not wear a uniform. They buy their own clothes, and they look, and act exactly like ordinary citizens out-

side. They are not isolated from each other, but mix and talk freely in the corridors and in the prison yard. Although the women have their own dormitories, no attempt is made to separate the sexes in the public rooms. All the social activities of the Russian people are reflected here. Numbers of societies have their branches in the prisons, the Society for Aviation and Chemical Defence, the Atheists Society, and so on. There is a choir, a dramatic society, and a whole series of classes in cultural subjects. The prisoner is being trained for normal life, and so the life of the prison is made as normal as possible.

* * *

There is no more corporal punishment in the Soviet Union, neither in the schools nor in the Red Army nor in the prisons. And alike in all these institutions the only discipline is self-discipline. Not self-discipline by the individual, but by the social group. In the prison of Kharkov all violations of the regulations are dealt with by a Comrades' Court. The members of the court are all elected by the prisoners, and the court proceedings are open to all. The composition of the court and the procedure exactly parallels that of an ordinary court. A judge and two assessors sit on the bench, and prosecuting and defending attorneys are also elected. The governor of the prison or one of his representatives attend these courts, but the only occasions on which they interfere is when the sentences handed out by the Comrades' Court are too severe. In minor cases, reprimands are the rule, but the court has power to take from a prisoner the credit marks which determine the reduction of his prison sentence, and it also is able to recommend that he should be deprived of certain holidays.

* * *

There are three main work-shops in the prison, a tailoring department, a carpenter shop, and a metal-working shop. The prisoners work a seven-hour day and a six-day week, that is to say, every sixth day is a free day. The wages of the prisoners are fixed at a conference held by the authorities of the prison, which is attended by a number of trade union officials of the City of Kharkov. The average wage is 100 rubles a month, and is about two-thirds of the ordinary factory wage for the same work. Of this, 30 rubles a month go to the prison, for board, overhead expense, etc. (the prison is self-supporting), 25 rubles are placed to the prisoner's credit in a savings account, which he receives at the termination of his sentence, plus 8 per cent. interest, and the balance is received in cash. The 45 rubles cash are spent on clothes, extra food, tobacco, and on amusements during his free day. The majority of the prisoners in Kharkov leave the jail for the weekend.

* * *

On the evening before the free day they walk out of the front door of the prison and go home, where they remain that night, the following day and the next night, and then they report back for work in the morning. Usually they come back on time, although there are cases where they overstay their leave. When we were walking through the yard, the governor called our attention to a placard on the notice-board which announced that on the following evening the Comrades' Court would sit, and would

try the cases of Comrades Ivan and Yasha who had remained away for more than two days beyond their allotted time. The governor believed that the court would deal severely with these men, because a performance of the dramatic society was being held on the first night of their absence, and as the two comrades were cast for leading roles they were responsible for wrecking the show.

* * *

At the beginning of a sentence each prisoner is examined in order to determine the work for which he is best suited. He is then enrolled in an evening class in the technical school which trains him for his particular job. Courses in reading, writing, and trade technique are compulsory, but other educational classes are voluntary. Socialist competition finds a place in the prisons, as it does in every other institution in the Soviet Union, and the department in Kharkov prison which does the best work in any month receives the red banner. Production conferences are held by the prisoners in all the work-shops, and plans of work and quotas are drawn up from time to time. The occasion of our visit happened to be a free day, and most of the work-shops were closed, but when we went through the metal-working section we found that eight or ten men were working on the lathes. We assumed that they were doing extra work as a punishment, but one of the prisoners informed us that, on the contrary, this was a group of the best workers, the Shock Brigaders of the department, who had volunteered to work on their free day because the shop was falling behind on its plan, and they were determined that the metal workers should fulfil their quota.

* * *

In a large room there were twenty or thirty women, and more than half of them had babies. Mothers who are sentenced to prison take their children with them if they are not more than four years of age. Older children are sent to homes during the time that the mother is in jail. Another smaller room was fitted up as a nursery for the two, three, and four-year-olds, where, under charge of a nurse, they were playing some game around a low table. They looked clean, well-fed, and as happy as any other group of children—although a little shy in the presence of so many strangers.

We visited the theatre, which had a good stage, and a seating capacity of two or three hundred. One of the wardens talked about the old days in the prison. Then, this theatre was the prison chapel, and every Sunday in Czarist times the prisoners were brought here in their chains to ask forgiveness for their sins. If they did not go down on their knees and pray they were thrashed by the guards.

The governor made apologies for the condition of the prison. It was out of date—a heritage of the past. They had tried to remove the iron bars from the windows, but they had found that they were embedded three feet in the stone walls, and to rip them out would have meant tearing the building to pieces. Also there was the shortage of workers. Perhaps next year, if the men were available, they would cut the bars off flush to the walls, with oxo-acetylene torches. There are no new prison buildings in Russia. Finally the governor said: 'We do not intend to build any new prisons in the Soviet Union.'

J. F. WHITE

THE QUESTIONS RAISED BY TECHNOCRACY

By F. B. HOUSSER

PRIOR to last November only a few hundred people in the world had ever heard the name technocracy. Today there is probably not a newspaper reader in North America or Europe who has not heard of it. Not since newspaper correspondents began going to Russia has anything received more universal and prejudiced attention in the press. It seemed to create a panic in the dens of capitalism.

The weapons used to create public opinion against Technocracy have been ridicule and vilification, the latter being more specifically directed toward its chief public exponent, Howard Scott. The past life of Mr. Scott was dug up and published as if he were running for president of the United States. He was accused of having stolen all his ideas from the books of Professor Frederick Soddy, winner of the Nobel prize in chemistry in 1921. Technocracy was declared to be a dangerous and ridiculous thing because Scott had at one time worked for the I.W.W., because he had once peddled shoe-polish, and because he frequented Greenwich Village. Owing to the fact that the technocrats' investigations had been carried on at Columbia University, it was said by a Toronto newspaper that an institution of learning had been put to base use. The Rev. Thomas Graham, preaching at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, was reported by the *New York Times* to have condemned technocracy because it offered more leisure and therefore lead to sin. 'If men have more leisure sin will flourish,' said Dr. Graham. 'The devil finds mischief for idle hands, but perhaps technocrats expect no difficulty from that source. Maybe they have made a deal with Satan.'

This article is not to be taken either as a defence or as an appreciation of technocracy, but merely as an attempt to briefly clarify and define its true position without prejudice. To do this it is necessary to correct some of the mis-statements which have been made about it. To begin with, it may be said that the group behind it has never sought or wished for publicity, first, because it has not yet completed its research investigations and, second, because, being mainly composed of academic and scientific men, it has no axe to grind and therefore nothing to gain by publicity. The lack of restraint on the part of Howard Scott, who may or may not have private ambitions for notoriety, let the cat out of the bag. A reporter on the *New York Herald Tribune* is said to have got wind from Scott of the investigation which was being conducted at Columbia University and to have written a news story about it which the *Herald Tribune* refused to publish and which was later sold to Al Smith's magazine *The New Outlook*. This started the controversy.

The New York newspapers and syndicate agencies described technocracy as 'a new political theory', and instantly the cry of 'Red' was sounded through the land. Within a week after the first article appeared, telegrams and mail-bags full of letters were pouring into the headquarters of the technocrats at Columbia. Newspapers from all over the continent sent reporters to New York to get

further information and those technocrats whose names had appeared in print were hounded from one end of the city to the other as the Lindberghs used to be.

Money was raised. Publicity offices opened, and lectures were planned to satisfy the demand for information. Representatives were appointed in different centres to act as local information bureaus to relieve the pressure on headquarters. These representatives were to be the nucleus of a continental committee. No publicity had been prepared. There was nothing to hand out to the press and editors became angry because they were baffled in attempts to get copy for their news columns. To fill space every prominent person in the country was interviewed and invited to give an opinion on something they knew nothing about. The result was a stream of uninformed criticism which inflamed prejudice and drew statements from Scott and others couched in scientific language with social implications which increased the fear and ridicule.

Finally, a split occurred between Scott and Professor Walter Rautenstrauch, head of the department of Industrial Engineering at Columbia University, where the engineering research had been conducted. It was announced that the investigation would be continued at Columbia under a new organization and a new name without Howard Scott and his associates. The latter announced that they would carry on their own investigation in new quarters.

Both Scott and Rautenstrauch have emphatically stated that technocracy is not a political or social theory for a Utopia. In his book *Introduction to Technocracy*, just off the press, Scott says, 'Technocracy proposes no solution, it merely poses the problem raised by the technological introduction of energy factors in a modern social mechanism.' Professor Rautenstrauch, speaking before the Society of Arts and Sciences in New York on January 13th, said, 'Technocracy offers no patent medicine for the ills of humanity. Technocracy is a human enterprise and seeks to find a basis for a stable policy of social growth. It is not a cult, it is a non-profit and non-political organization. If in the progress of this investigation it finds commercial and financial practices and economic policies which are not in the public interest, it must of necessity bring these to review for enlightened public discussion.' Dr. Murray Butler, head of Columbia University, has made similar public declarations.

The technocracy group have been collecting data for the past twelve years. The first announcement of the study at Columbia University was made on August 5, 1932, when it was said that the energy survey research would trace the agricultural and industrial development of the United States for the last hundred years in terms of production, employment, and energy expended. At the same time the department of public information at Columbia issued a statement in which Howard Scott, 'consulting technologist', said: 'The social system of the future must be adjusted to the energy producing values which can be regulated by scientific methods. A

price system and scientific production cannot exist side by side.'

The report containing the energy survey of North America will, it is hoped, be completed some time in 1933. At present, as has been pointed out by Dr. Murray Butler, technocracy can only be regarded as an investigation, bearing on the questions how far machine production is displacing man power, with a view to asking the question, what are we going to do about it? The study so far has collected certain data and offered certain ideas which pose questions that our industrialists have so far only answered with platitudes. One might have imagined that industry would have been willing to subsidize a group of scientists to make such an investigation or at least be willing to cooperate with, rather than hinder them.

Space does not permit the mention of the many far-reaching questions to which the technocrat's investigations demand answers. They view production and distribution as a single problem, the electrical engineering problem of a quantitatively balanced load. There is a maximum production point in any one plant which, once passed, profits begin to diminish. This is called the law of diminishing returns. Technocracy asks, has the United States as a whole, which is only one huge industrial plant, reached the point where the law of diminishing returns has begun to work? If so, our society and its economic system will have to be adjusted to the new conditions and to do so the present competitive price system will have to go, not because it is a bad system, not because of any sentimental reason, but because it is unsuited to the new conditions. Otherwise the lust for profits will continue to create new machines of still greater productive capacity, thereby still further complicating the problem of distribution which we are unable to solve even today. Technocracy asks what are we going to do about it—stop inventing new machines

or construct a system where inventive genius can continue to serve society?

If, as technocracy claims, with every adult between the ages of 25 and 45 working eight hours a week, we already have machines enough to produce all that society needs in necessities and luxuries, is there any sense of our working five or six days a week and having the goods we produce deteriorate and rot?

In the past, technocracy points out, our money has been based on human energy, on the theory that the labourer was worthy of his hire. Today we perform most of industrial labour with another kind of energy, electricity and steam, of which there is a supply far exceeding that which was available in the pre-machine age. Can there be any fair distribution of wealth in terms of the machine energy expended in producing goods today, so long as we are using a monetary system based on the old energy unit?

Whether technocracy of itself will ever evolve a practical working economic and political system, no one knows. But it seems reasonable to think that when the present system goes, as all other systems before it have gone, the scientific approach to industrial and economic problems which the technocrats are using, will prove of inestimable value to the makers of the new order. Meanwhile, technocracy suggests a creative approach to the problems with which the orthodox economists have unsuccessfully wrestled for the last three years. It was the creative engineering mind, not the so-called capitalist, who created the machine and taught its owners how to use it. Having a creative attitude, he approached economic problems without prejudice and is interested in finding a solution, not for any ulterior purpose, sentimental or otherwise, but for its own sake. This is something neither the capitalistic or socialistic thinkers have ever brought to the problem.

CATHOLIC TRADE UNIONISM IN QUEBEC

By ALLAN LATHAM

WHEN an august and venerable Pontiff of the Roman Church published to the world his Encyclical *Rerum novarum* in 1891, the spectre of Socialism had been haunting old Europe for several decades. Ever since the days of 1789 Conservatives on the Continent had turned imploring eyes in the direction of Rome for some sign which would dissipate the rising tide. The lamented Pío Nono had attempted to blast the accumulating infidelities in the spheres of religion and politics by his famous *Syllabus of Errors*, but without avail. Socialism was gathering head with all the ominous appearance of an approaching storm on the horizon. Something more concrete was looked for. *Rerum novarum* supplied what had been lacking. It proposed the formation of Catholic workingmen's associations. Specifically, it advocated meeting the Marxians on their own ground, through the organization of trade unions which would be Red enough to attract workers into their ranks but White enough to avoid falling into such errors as the belief that ownership of the means of production should be, and

was going to be, taken away from the capitalists, or the conviction that religion is a sham and is on the side of the property owners.

The ideology of Socialism had not penetrated the minds of North American proletarians, least of all those in Quebec. The American Federation of Labour had become almost as strongly entrenched in Quebec as in the rest of Canada. It would perhaps seem that the Church in Quebec could tolerate the business-minded A.F. of L. and its 'interlocking directorate' with the Knights of Columbus. And certainly a perusal of the episcopal letters of the Dioceses of Montreal and Quebec during the second half of the nineteenth century reveals only an occasional attack on certain trade unions. There is far more preoccupation with other matters. For example, one reads that the Free Masons and the Odd Fellows are to be avoided; that prayer and Paris green will extirpate the potato beetle; that the schismatic Czar is a bad man and Canadians may accordingly enlist in the armies of the Queen for service in the Crimea; and much else of equal inter-

est but of slight consequence for the student of social movements in the French-Canadian province.

Yet in 1901, following disputes in the boot and shoe industry in Quebec city, Archbishop (later Cardinal) Bégin caused three local unions hitherto affiliated with the American Federation of Labour to separate from that body and to revise their constitutions in conformity with *Rerum novarum*. The wishes of the prelate were carried out and thus we have the nucleus of National Catholic unionism in Canada.

The next Catholic trade unions were founded in 1907 in the pulp and paper industry on the upper Saguenay. After that the progress of the movement is towards increasing influence and seems to follow a regularly mounting curve.

However the question remains unanswered: why has it been thought necessary to establish in Quebec trade unions on a confessional basis? The most reasonable hypothesis seems to be that the working population in Quebec outside Montreal is exceedingly homogeneous in the sense of being French-Canadian and Catholic. The Quebec hierarchy evidently saw the possibility of applying here some of the suggestions in *Rerum novarum*, owing to the ease with which the Quebec workman is ordinarily influenced by the Church. The project being feasible, it was simply determined to go ahead with it. It is very likely that the clerical leaders of National Catholic unionism were fearful merely of the general tendency of other types of union in the direction of assimilation of the French-speaking workers to the English-speaking trade unionists with whom they would of necessity come into contact. Moreover, they undoubtedly looked askance at any organization of a non-sectarian nature which might set itself up as a rival influence, even in the slightest degree, over the minds of its loyal Quebec adherents.

Now, the control of the Church over these Catholic unions in Quebec is fairly complete. Any action of a local union may be held up by the chaplain for scrutiny by the diocesan authorities. A chaplain is ordinarily present at every meeting and, even where he does not directly exercise his right of veto, his power to influence the proceedings must be considerable.

There was much gnashing of teeth among the A.F. of L. people who saw the possibility of dwindling membership in Quebec. They did not like this for two reasons. First, it would mean a falling-off of income from dues. Secondly, it would entail a loss of control over wages in certain trades in the Province of Quebec.

The steady rise of clerical unionism has not failed to elicit unfavourable comment from the organ of the Canadian Trades and Labour Congress, which is the body to which the A.F. of L. unions in Canada are all supposed to be affiliated. Depreciation of the Catholic unions has taken place even at annual conventions of the A.F. of L. The old condemnation of duality of trade unions has been repeated again and again. 'Duality' means the coexistence of two (or more) unions for the same type of workers in the same locality; the disadvantage of dual unions from the point of view of both the union leaders and the workers is obvious. How can a union make an effective wage agreement with employers, for example, if there are workers in the same place belonging to another union who would not be bound to

respect the agreement? (As is well known, the discipline of a union over its own members in requiring them to assent to established standards of wage and working conditions consists in its power to fine, suspend, or expel them upon infraction of its rules. The coercive force resides in the forfeiture of union benefits, which would result from expulsion).

Outside of finding fault with the present condition of duality in certain trades, the leaders of the 'secular' unions allege that the Catholic unions are docile and amenable to any conditions which the employers may see fit to impose. They are not fighting unions. Their net effect is said to be a depressive one on the wage scale in the industries where they operate.

It is perfectly true that some of the abbés in the Province who have sponsored the movement uphold the hypothesis that to go on strike is not permissible. Such an attitude is highly impractical, because the strike or the threat to strike is the only weapon which can be effectively used against the employer's threat of dismissal. However, it must not be supposed that the no-strike theory has been consistently carried through in practice. There have been serious strikes in the boot and shoe factories both in Quebec and Montreal. These strikes put the Church in the somewhat embarrassing position of being, as it were, behind them. The bishops found themselves obliged to espouse openly the cause of the strikers. Indeed, on more than one occasion a *quête* (collection) has been taken in the Catholic churches of the Province to help support the striking workers and their, in many cases, large families.

On the other hand, one hears little of such bellicose activity outside the boot and shoe trade. This may be because the Catholic unions have a much larger percentage of women and girls in their membership than other unions, on account of the fact that they are apparently most successful in making inroads in the type of establishment which ordinarily employs much female labour.

There are some cases where the local of the Catholic union is at the same time a company union. In such instances the most cordial relations conceivable might be expected to exist between the management and the union. There is a clothing factory in Montreal which has advertised in *La Vie Syndicale*, the organ of the Catholic unions in the Montreal district, asking for patronage on the ground that all its employees are members of the Catholic union. What does it mean when all the employees of a concern are automatically members of the union?

Some of the locals in the Catholic trade-union movement are very active in organizing picnics and banquets. One scarcely ever hears of them in any other connection. Of course, a too lop-sided development in the direction of purely economic activity ought properly to be avoided. The picnics held by the employees of the Montreal Tramways under the auspices of their Catholic union are great affairs.

A multitude of interesting side-lights on the Catholic trade unions in Quebec could carry this brief account into the dimensions of a large volume. Much will be omitted therefore, a few remarks sufficing. It is certain, for example, that these unions have a decided anti-foreign bias. As can be gathered from resolutions passed at their conventions and by articles appearing in their press, they favour

giving preference in employment to Canadian workers over foreign, and they disapprove of immigration into Canada. Evidently also, they flirt to some extent with the doctrines of Antisemitism. Moreover, they lean in the direction of Nationalism of the Bourassa type, for which they are rewarded by much favourable notice in the Montreal journal *Le Devoir*.

At the present time there are in Canada supposedly 25,151 members of the National Catholic trade unions. (Practically all of these are in Quebec, although there are a few in the parts of Ontario contiguous to Quebec). Regarding this figure for membership let me quote from the *Twenty-first Annual Report on Labour Organization in Canada*, from which it was taken: 'Reports received direct from 94 of the local syndicates give a combined membership of 12,110, an average of about 129, leav-

ing 13,041 to be accounted for by the 27 unreporting unions.'

The membership is organized in local unions, some of which are trade unions and some shop or company unions. There are, according to last reports, 115 locals. There are also six study circles, which exist for the purpose of popularizing the idea of confessional trade unionism among Quebec workers. There are two industrial federations—the Boot and Shoe Workers and the Pulp and Paper Employees—as well as two trade federations—the Building Trades Employees and the Printing Trades Employees. The whole movement finds its unity in the superfederation, the Catholic Workers of Canada. With the trade-union membership in all Canada of 310,544, on the assumption that all figures given are correct, the Catholic-union membership represents 8.099 per cent. of the Canadian total.

MEDICAL CARE FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

By W. S. McCULLOUGH

IF you are a person of moderate means, and have ever had to pay out about \$300 for an appendectomy, or if you have had your tonsils removed by a throat specialist at an expenditure of about \$85, or if in any other way you have been made to realize the costs of modern medical care, then you will read this report* with personal interest. And even if you are of the elect, and still have your appendix, your tonsils, and the rest of your original anatomy, this report may still claim your attention in so far as you are concerned with the vital social problem with which it deals.

It has been generally assumed, and still is, that it is a desirable social objective that the human machine should be kept running normally and in a healthful manner. To further this end, the practice of medicine has been developed, its purpose being nothing more or less than keeping people in health. But while medicine is thus a humane art and a social service, it is undeniable that even from early times those who have practised it have usually found in it the means of their livelihood. In this respect its economics have been relatively simple, and even down to this present day medical care for the majority of the population is dispensed on a purely individualistic basis. There is the medical agent (be he physician, dentist, pharmacist, nurse, hospital) as one party to the transaction, while the patient is the other. The latter pays the former for services rendered. In the minor sicknesses the expense involved may be comparatively small. In the major troubles to which flesh is heir, especially those involving hospitalization, the cost of modern services and equipment often makes the necessary medical attention so expensive as to be quite calamitous to the individual or family concerned. In consequence there has been much complaint about the costs of medical care. Furthermore, medical authorities seem to be agreed that people are not utilizing fully the results of scientific research, and are not receiving all the care they should, partly owing to costs, and

partly to the fact that in certain areas adequate medical service is not available.

'Conscious of this unsatisfactory situation, some 15 leaders in the fields of medicine, public health, and the social sciences came together for a conference in Washington, D.C., on April 1, 1926. Various aspects of the general problem were discussed, and the organization of a committee to carry on a programme of research was suggested.' Eventually, at another conference in Washington in 1927 (at the time of the annual meeting of the American Medical Association), the nucleus of the present Committee on the Costs of Medical Care was created. This committee was 'organized to study the economic aspects of the prevention and care of sickness, including the adequacy, availability, and compensation of the persons and agencies concerned.' Although the chairman is Dr. R. L. Wilbur of the Department of the Interior, Washington, it is really an unofficial and quite independent group of persons. A five-year programme of research was adopted in 1928. Eight research foundations have supplied the Committee with funds to carry through this programme, and as a result the Committee has published, or is about to publish, twenty-eight reports and studies dealing with various phases of the main problem. For example, No. 8 is entitled *Private Group Clinics*; No. 11, *The 'Municipal Doctor' System in Rural Saskatchewan*, etc. The present review is inspired by the uncorrected galley proofs of No. 28, which is the final report of the Committee, its title being *Medical Care for the American People*.

Publication No. 28 is a very impressive document. The 'Note to the Hurried Reader' at the beginning of it, is evidently due to the realization that while 50,000 words may not be too long for a convincing detective story, their sheer bulk in such a report may conceivably discourage the prospective reader. Be that as it may, this publication, based as it is on all the earlier reports, is a tribute to the thoroughness with which the Committee has investigated the problem before it. Its chapter headings will doubtless indicate its general scope. I. The Present Status of Medical Care. (This is packed with information

* The final report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. *University of Chicago Press*. Probably early 1933.

about the present medical situation in the U.S.A.). II. The Essentials of a Satisfactory Medical Programme. III. An Ultimate Objective in the Organization of Medicine. IV. Plans and Experiments Now Under Way. (These are mostly American, with some reference to Europe. Strangely enough only one sentence is given to Russia, despite the fact that the Soviet scheme of social insurance is perhaps the most significant experiment now being carried out.) V. The Recommendations of the Committee. VI. The Outlook for the future. On certain matters of prime importance, the Committee of fifty could come to no unanimity, with the result that there are a couple of minority statements included in its final report. Hereinafter, when the Committee is referred to, it will designate the majority.

No exhaustive exposition of the report can be attempted in the space available. The Committee's vision and philosophic grasp of the problem before it, will have to be judged by its recommendations. These are five in number, and may be briefly summarized.

1. That complete medical service both preventive and therapeutic should be furnished by *community medical centres*. These centres should be organized around a hospital, and should include physicians, dentists, specialists, nurses, pharmacists, and other associated personnel. The family practitioner would continue to function as part of the staff of the centre, and would indeed be the first point of contact between the public and the health service. In large cities there would doubtless be several such centres, and each centre might have branches at various convenient places. In villages and distinctly rural areas, a series of medical stations would be strategically located, each station being under the supervision of a complete medical centre.
2. That all basic public health services should be extended.
3. That the costs of medical care be placed on a *group payment basis*, through the use of insurance, through the use of taxation, or through the use of both these methods. This is not meant to preclude the continuation of medical service provided on an individual fee basis for those who prefer the present method. Incidentally the Committee insists that compensation for wage loss due to illness should be kept quite separate from medical services. At this point the majority was not agreed as to just how this principle of group payment was to be applied, though it favoured voluntary health insurance. It is estimated that the medical service which the Committee recommends could be provided (on a nation-wide basis?) for about \$1.50 to \$3.25 per adult wage-earner per month, with somewhat lower rates for dependents.
4. That an agency be established in every community to coordinate its various medical services.
5. That certain changes be made in the field of professional education, e.g., that physicians be trained to aid more in the prevention of disease, that adequate training for nurse-midwives be provided, etc.

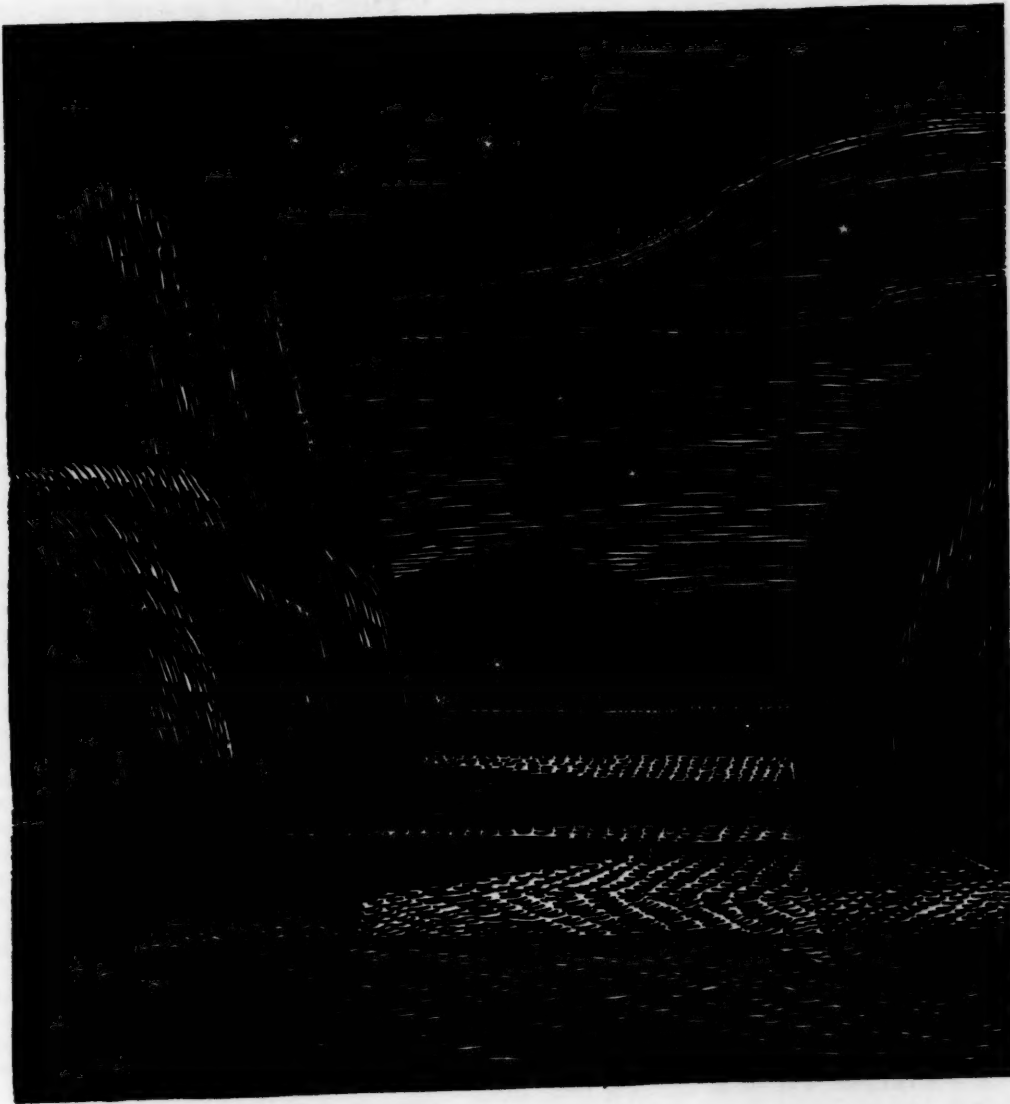
The first of the minority reports may be briefly noticed. With some of the Committee's recommen-

dations it finds itself in full agreement. Its chief divergences are two. First, it views the proposed community medical centre plan as 'far-fetched and visionary'. It maintains that medical men do their best work under the stimulation of individual competition, scientific ambition, and initiative'. It holds that the individual doctor, and not the group, should be the unit in the practice of medicine. In other words, it believes in the continuance of our present system of the private practice of medicine, with a restoration of the general practitioner to a central place in the profession. Secondly, this minority criticizes all the methods of group payment proposed by the Committee. It suggests that the medical profession should organize itself in order that medical costs might be more equitably distributed. The County Medical Society could be the proper unit in such an organization, and there might be a form of sickness insurance which would not come into operation until the medical costs to the patient had reached a certain maximum, this maximum to be based upon the patient's income. It is, I think, a significant fact that of the eight members of the Committee signing this minority report, seven are Doctors of Medicine in private practice, while the eighth is the secretary of the American Medical Association.

A second minority report is followed by a statement from Professor W. H. Hamilton of Yale, one of the members of the Committee. While its author finds much that is constructive and forward-looking in the work of the Committee, the statement is actually an incisive criticism of the report. It is Dr. Hamilton's judgment that not until the practice of medicine is entirely removed from the world of competitive profit-making will it be able to function as it should. He therefore proposes that a complete medical service must comprehend the whole population, and entail a scheme of compulsory health insurance, and he views not at all unfavourably the prospect of the medical care of the nation being under the aegis of the government.

One approaches the appraisal of a report of this kind with some hesitation. The problem that the Committee faced was an immense one, and so much time and energy have been expended by it, especially in its programme of research, that any criticism may seem to be due to sheer lack of appreciation of the Committee's actual achievements. The latter, however, are reasonably clear, and need no further elucidation. The Committee's reports and studies have gathered together a mass of data that is quite invaluable. It is perhaps in this its final report, and especially in respect to its recommendations, that the Committee has left itself open to certain adverse criticisms.

In a general way the recommendations impress one as being provisional measures. Perhaps some compromise in a statement of group opinion is inevitable; certainly it is found in abundance in the Committee's report. The result is that the recommendations do not make clear just what the Committee's *final* solution is of the problem of the costs of medical care. For instance, the Committee accepts the principle of the group payment of medical costs. Despite the fact that in most European countries that have tried it, voluntary health insurance has been replaced by some compulsory scheme, the

**NORTHERN NIGHT****By CARL SCHAEFER**

Committee has deemed it wise to recommend a system of voluntary insurance. Low-income people are to be aided in their purchase of this insurance by tax funds; the others who obtain it will do so solely by their own resources; those who for various reasons do not take advantage of the insurance plan will presumably receive such medical care as they do under the present system. This, at the very best, is only a *pro tem* arrangement. It certainly cannot be termed an adequate solution of the problem. Again, the tentative character of the report is suggested by the fact that some of the proposals do not seem to have been integrated in respect to an ultimate goal. For example, the community medical centre envisaged in the report is to furnish complete medical service, both preventive and therapeutic. At the same time there is to be a public health service, supported by the government, which is to carry on, among other activities, a great deal of therapeutic and preventive work. The precise relationship between these two agencies seems nowhere to be explained. A similar difficulty arises in regard to the community medical centre and the coordinating agency advocated in recommendation 4. A community centre giving complete medical service would appear to render all other medical agencies superfluous. A coordinating agency, other than that found in the medical centre itself, would therefore be equally unnecessary. This is the sort of thing one has in mind in suggesting that some of the Committee's recommendations, while good enough in themselves, do not seem to have been properly accommodated to one central idea.

On page 18 (of the galleys) the Committee has noted, with approval, the organization of the nation's educational facilities, and it has found in this organization a useful analogy that medicine might well give heed to. It seems to the present reviewer that if the Committee had followed up this cue, it might have been led to somewhat wiser (albeit more revolutionary) recommendations. For there appears to be no really satisfactory solution of the problem of the costs of medical care outside of some form of compulsory health insurance. Such insurance would necessarily involve the State in medical matters to the same extent that it is now involved in education. The Committee of course believes in state medicine to some degree. It approves of hospitals and public health services supported by tax funds; it claims that the indigent and those suffering from tuberculosis, mental disease, etc., in so far as they cannot look after themselves, should be cared for by the government. The Committee, rightly insistent upon the maintenance of professional standards, makes no suggestion that the standards in those fields at present under government administration have been lowered by contact with the state. It seems, therefore, that the Committee might have proceeded quite naturally to the next step,—the state supervision of all medical care. Why the Committee did not do this can only be conjectured. At any rate, this much is certain. Something more drastic than the Committee proposes needs to be done. For, as Professor Hamilton remarks, 'The present system is a luxury which the American nation,—rich as it is in resources,—is too poor to afford.'

Will readers kindly mention THE CANADIAN FORUM when purchasing from our advertisers.

GEORGE MOORE

In Memoriam

THE subject of literature is the normal life of man, the commonplace, which, when enlightened by genius, becomes the universal.' These words are doubly George Moore's: he wrote them and in one of the imaginary conversations in *Avowals* he utters them himself. They do not give the key to the whole of George Moore's work any more than they give the key to the whole of literature; but they do point to what is greatest in his work—and most neglected. If the common reader, safe in the citadel of Philistia, has any notion of Moore, it is of a lean and lecherous dilettante, kissing cats and French mistresses, feeding guinea-pigs to pet pythons, breakfasting on milk and honey, supping on caviare and champagne, and generally making a hyperaesthetic fool of himself. This is the Moore of the *Confessions* and the *Memoirs*, books which Paul Shorey once described as 'George Moore contemplating the ruins of George Moore by moonlight'. It is the Moore whom the aesthetes of Kansas lovingly paw along with Norman Douglas and Ezra Pound.

It is not the great Moore, the Moore who wrote the sentence quoted, and created in the same spirit. The great Moore sprang to life in 1884 when he published *A Mummer's Wife*. Dealing with the perilously melodramatic material of a travelling troupe, Moore achieved an unemphatic but touching realism which makes *The Good Companions* seem like the fantasy of a bright adolescent. He confers significance upon the commonplace even more quietly in *Esther Waters*, which came out ten years later. 'An English Study' he calls it in a subtitle, to underline the passionless detachment with which he observes the grossness of the Manor House—'Horseback Hall' as Shaw calls it—the physical and moral greyness of the London poor with their artificial paradise of whiskey, the stiff respectability of the London genteel well-to-do, the ugly moribund side of English life. The road from George Eliot's heroines to Arnold Bennett's passes through this novel and intersects here the neater, firmer road which comes from the French naturalists.

A decade later the great Moore reappears in *The Lake* (1905). Meanwhile, the lesser Moore has been dabbling in the Celtic Renaissance and has at last achieved a clear consciousness of Ireland and the Irish character. There is no surer means of distinguishing the Irish from the English than by reading *The Lake* immediately after *Esther Waters*. The strange and infinitely troubled soul and sensibility of Oliver Gogarty, the fierce passions of Father Moran, the catlike perversities of Rose Leicester, call for a swifter, richer prose than the thick, soft grey medium of the earlier novel. And Moore, following them along their incalculable orbits, provides the proper prose, miraculously heightened and varied.

Another decade passes and Moore, becoming conscious of Christianity, applies the formula of raising the commonplace to universal significance in *The Brook Kerith* (1916). For the reader the process is inverted: he passes from the panorama of Christian history to the commonplace beginning of the Christian attitude to life. In Joseph of Arima-

thea, better than with Jesus or with Paul, Moore shows the intensifying and canalizing of normal life, and the reader from behind the eager eyes of Joseph sees the realities of Palestine and of Christ better than in Renan's life—and it is Renan's spirit, with its exquisite mingling of the scientific and the intuitive which rules the novel.

These are the novels which, with some few short stories and the three great volumes of criticism, *Modern Painting*, *Conversations in Ebury Street*, and *Avowals*, will be Moore's visiting cards to posterity. They will have no meaning for the vulgar, the stupid, and the blind, but George Moore never cared for such and his shade will have the welcome it would wish wherever the pictures of Monet are hung, and the operas of Wagner played.

E. K. BROWN

JOHN GALSWORTHY

IT must have been hard for Mr. Galsworthy to understand why his full recognition, at least outside England, did not come more quickly. For almost thirty years he had been producing work so finished and so mature as to show at once his full power. Indeed it would be no exaggeration to say that he reached his full maturity almost at the beginning of the twentieth century, and everything that followed seems to have been written from the point of view of a man who remained standing on the threshold of this century, preferring not to commit himself to its uncertain ways. Only, perhaps, in an early book like the *Island Pharisees*—a sociological pamphlet of which the title sufficiently indicates his thesis—and in some of the plays do we find him less detached, with his vision disturbed, or at least not quite clearly focussed. But very quickly he finds his way to the magistrate's bench, whence with his magnificent austerity and judgment he can view the passing generation, always diminishing and growing feeble as they move down from 1900 to the present. But for his august purpose that steadiness of view was a necessity; it was completely justified by the success which he achieved with his great heroic work. It is a mistake to think of him as a realist patiently and justly copying the scene around him in his novels and plays. It was no mere grandiloquent gesture to call the series of his major novels the *Forsyte Saga*. It is indeed a modern saga; he never scruples to enlarge his figures, to make them heroic. They are mighty men of property, if not of valour. And, as he himself explained, 'after all this long tale, though it may deal with folk in frock coats, furbelows, and a gilt-edged period, is not devoid of the essential heat of conflict'. This conflict is not, perhaps, so romantic as the old theme of love and honour, but it becomes heroic in his hands, a passionate struggle between love and property. And his final judgment is even romantic—for they are condemned, these Forsytes, and with them the whole Victorian age and its desire for possession rather than life. It is a superb theme, this massive world of towering securities, money and lands and houses not to enjoy but to keep as safe investments, wives and children to be kept as personal or family belongings, life itself to be clung to as stubbornly as possible—for they obviously regard

it as unfair and unjust that even that should ever be taken from them. And yet, at the same time, it has a curious unreality, partly, perhaps, because of the sharply drawn limitations of the Forsyte world, but partly, too, because of Galsworthy's own method. He uses very dangerous terms in describing it to us, and it may be that his words are more exactly true than he intended. He speaks of embalming the upper-middle-class in his work, of pickling it in its own juice. It is a little daring for a novelist to talk about his characters as mummies or as pickles. We inevitably remember that these processes are used only to preserve the bodies of the dead or those things that have been plucked from where they were growing. Yes, it is almost as if at his best Galsworthy revealed himself as a master of still life. His characters are so definite, so unchanging; they are so consistent, so entirely a part of the world they belong to, that they cannot surprise us.

And yet what splendid necrology! What rare and perfect workmanship enriches these sculptured monuments of the golden age of property!

H. J. DAVIS



III.

ALAN MACDERMOTT

While a large staff of critics and literary historians are busy disinterring Canadian Writers of the Past for inclusion in these columns, the Literary Editor felt that the readers of these series might not be averse to making the acquaintance of a Canadian Writer of the Past whose name does not appear in any of the better-known manuals on Canadian Literature. To anyone knowing how partial and inaccurate these manuals are, that omission would not have any special significance. Nevertheless, both THE CANADIAN FORUM and Mr. Leon Edel must decline to answer any letters of inquiry regarding either the life or the works of Alan Macdermott. [Ed. Note.]

ALAN MACDERMOTT was one of those peculiar spirits who is forgotten long before he dies, and is periodically resurrected by critics. Some years have elapsed since I last saw him referred to, but the present series provides an excellent opportunity for a revaluation, for the reconsideration of one of the most genial and excellent spirits in our literature; and one whose life of frustration and lonely spiritual exile brands him as an exotic product of our Canadian soil. I remember nothing amazed me more than to find, one solitary evening in Paris, a chubby Frenchman reading *Les Soirées* over his *pernod* and embracing me fervently when I told him I was Canadian. He waved the book at me . . . *un brave type, un brave type* . . . and wanted me to tell him more about Macdermott.

Surely if even one individual in a foreign country is interested in Macdermott, we might turn the light of criticism on him here; this writer, so neglected during his lifetime and consigned to complete oblivion after his death. The facts of his life are few. He was born on the prairies. When he was twenty, his parents died, he sold the farm and with the pro-

ceeds went to Paris. What drew him there I know not. And what happened to him in Paris I cannot say. I heard in different quarters there that he studied art for a while; that he was a friend of Morrice; that in the intellectually exciting atmosphere his prairie ways were eliminated and a hyper-civilized individual emerged . . . and then having run through his little 'pile' he returned to the prairies, drawn there by some mysterious desire to revisit the scenes of his childhood and youth . . . and somehow the moment he found himself there the European door slammed behind him. He did not have the decisiveness nor the strength of character to return. He whiled away the final years of his life teaching French in a high school, and writing fiction to amuse himself. Some of his stories were published in periodicals abroad. His novel, beyond a few cursory reviews and a little ballyhooing by the patriotic groups, did not go beyond the first edition; and he went on bitterly to the end, cursing himself for having returned, an exile, a *déraciné*, a man whose problem, singularly enough, might be likened to that of Henry James. Henry James went to Europe where he was free to create as he saw fit; Macdermott, had he followed James's example, would have been, I can say without any doubt, our greatest, our first great novelist. As it was, I like to think that he exemplifies what Henry James would have been had he stayed at home.

He knew the sterile atmosphere of the prairies, this alert and sensitive Macdermott. How else could he have instilled it into his amazing trilogy, *Prairie Evenings*, which in its French version had so excited the chubby little man in Paris? *Prairie Evenings* is a great novel, and will, I am certain, be revived just because it fits into the current of our time. It is profoundly influenced by James; of that there is not the least doubt; and the method, too, the pages and pages of minute analysis, the way in which Macdermott has spun out psychologically these simple prairie incidents belongs much more to the age of Virginia Woolf than to the early Edwardian period. I think, too, that in the fact that his novel came at the time when James had published those extraordinary last works of his, we can trace the direct stream of influence.

You see it is just here that Macdermott is astounding. A man of the prairies, he represents the paradox of an extremely civilized being who dissects and analyzes the whole single prairie ambience with a minuteness and subtlety which tends to drive away rather than interest his readers. His narrative is no racy, speedy account of wild, primitive life; no Canadian *Growth of the Soil*. . . Consider the peculiar plan of *Prairie Evenings*, the thin-spun web it represents. There are three volumes; each of them deals with one evening. Long before Joyce's one-day book, Macdermott had the idea of working out the time problem in fiction in terms of a detailed account of every moment. . . The first evening, an evening in June, tells the simple story of the romance of a farm-girl and a travelling salesman; and the events of that one evening, given us on a slow-moving plane, attain an intensity which psychologists tell me reveals a most extraordinary, perceptive mind. Minna Jones's consciousness is exposed for us with a persistence, a relentless energy which would amaze Joyce, I am sure.

She wondered, standing there at the gate, at his unconscionable procrastination. He fidgeted; he spoke of this and that, leaning on his words for support . . . and they did not hold him up. Night had come over the sweeping fields; she felt the prairie stillness rising, moving towards her, enveloping her as waves might, were she on some beach which stretched endlessly into time . . . that stillness which seemed to insinuate itself about her heart and cling there until she wanted to cry out, wanted to shout and tear at him with her hands in a wild effort to escape it, to escape herself. But instead she clung to the gate, while his whispered words dropped upon the stillness as one drops a pea into the ocean; and she turned from him suddenly without a word and ran into the house. The door banged as if she wanted to shut out the stillness. And then he became conscious of the sound of a cricket.

The fine emotionalism of this prose places it among the best that has been written in Canada.

The second evening on the prairie is one generation removed from the first. It is the evening of a youth (the son of the farm girl and the salesman) and it is, perhaps, the strongest of the trilogy, for in it I can see the frustrated childhood of Alan Macdermott. It is an autobiographical novel; and the discoveries, psychologically, which the author has made are at moments Proustian in their richness.

There remains the third evening, which in its closeness of construction is as real a pastoral symphony as has ever been written; the author moves through a series of farmhouses and constructs a vivid, dramatic picture, creating for us a fine and living image of prairie life. It is a superb, technical achievement.

Alan Macdermott is indeed worthy of extended treatment. But space does not permit it here; nor can we enter into those brilliant short stories which he wrote at the end of his life, short stories which depict the Canadian as an exile abroad, and the Canadian as an exile in Canada. These little masterpieces of narration (*Roots*, *the Chirping of a Cricket*, *But Do You Understand*), reveal him as a master of the shorter picture; his smaller canvasses have all the depth of the larger ones and even greater intensity. He had his faults; he was often too minute and too analytical; he lost himself in almost imperceptible points of view, but on the whole his achievement is solid.

He died shortly after the war broke out. It was just as well. The spectacle of civilization torn asunder would have only embittered him to a greater extent. And he left an autobiographical fragment from which I quote the following paragraph; it indicates that to the end his mind was in Europe.

. . . evening in the Rue Monsieur le Prince when the twilight settles down around soft old buildings and curious cheap hotels and cobblestones, and down the way the stolid Odéon sits squatty over the statue of Monsieur Augier, is not easy to describe. It is in the air, you can touch it with your hand, it is warm and kindly and benign . . . it is, magnificently, over-indulgent. It wraps itself around you as if you were being enfolded in a comfortable dressing gown and were told that there is a fire in the grate, and you move on, all-luxuriously, in the gracious air knowing that the Restaurant Voltaire is just a minute away, with white cloths, and mirrors and mahogany coloured wine . . . the last aperitif drinkers are leaving the café . . . the lights have come on . . . the chestnut trees bend down over Boul Mich and you are terribly content.

This speaks for itself. It will gladden the heart of any Jacobite.

LEON EDEL

THE HAPPY DAY

By MARION NELSON

It was Saturday. On Monday Sandy was to start work as a message boy at Malone's corner grocery store.

His aunt showed her relief characteristically. 'Here you've been on our hands for nine months', she said, 'and it's the first real job you've been offered. See that you keep it, my lad. But take my advice and don't run up no stairs with that heart of yours. We can't afford to have you lie up in hospital now.'

'Och, I'll be all right, Auntie,' Sandy said, 'and you bet I'll keep my job. I'll save my pay too, and some day I'll take you and Uncle John to Niagara Falls.'

'You will, will you? What a lad!'

'You'll see!'

Whistling, Sandy sauntered out to the back yard and unpinned his moth-eaten bathing suit from the line. Softened by his good fortune his aunt had given him a beef sandwich and a chunk of pie, suggesting that he should go out and get as much fresh air as possible before he settled to the routine of work on Monday. Sandy knew a fine place along the lake shore where there were big flat rocks. He would lie in the cool water, kicking his arms and legs freely, pretending that he could swim. Then, when he was tired, he would eat his lunch in comfort, sitting on the warm rocks under the shade of the trees. He was always glad to escape the eyes of his relatives at meal times. Throughout the winter, when Uncle John was making so little at his shoe-repairing and when Sandy himself brought in no more than a quarter some weeks, these eyes had seemed to reproach him at every bite.

Yet they were kind, Uncle John and Aunt Bess. When his mother died they had helped him with his passage money to Canada, and they had been very good to him at first. It was not their fault that things had not gone better. Nor was it Sandy's. He had tried hard to get work. Even when he knew there was none he had beaten the town, with Scottish persistence, offering to do anything of which he was capable for a few cents. For three days, during the illness of a caretaker, he had stoked a furnace in an apartment building. In return for two dollars he had, with the help of another boy, removed the Brownridge's furniture from their house on Arch Street to the new bungalow on Ninth—two blocks away. Doing this he had strained his heart, and his aunt, afraid of having to summon a doctor, grew angry. Then he washed dishes for a doctor's young wife. She was a nice lady, from Scotland too. He washed her kitchen floor without being asked to, just because she was so friendly. She gave him a cup of cocoa and twenty cents.

One day he shovelled snow from the door of a university professor. The professor gave him a cigarette and an overcoat. The latter was very comforting, but the cigarette he kept for his uncle.

He tried selling needles from door to door. Women gave him bowls of soup, but bought nothing. Sometimes they thought he had a story, and questioned him. But he felt their suspicions that he was lazy, and disliked this. Everyone was surprised

when they learned that he was sixteen, for he looked older.

In the spring he made a dollar or two cleaning windows. But he soon found that it was only the people with very high windows who employed him, and heights had always made him dizzy. He felt his heart then, and at nights when he went home he had a headache. But he did not tell his aunt about the high windows.

For many reasons he was glad when summer came. He hoped that he might get some work cutting lawns or painting verandahs. The professor gave him a dollar and asked Sandy to water his garden while he was away at his summer camp. The balance, he said, not having any more change on him at the time, he would pay on his return to town in September.

Then Malone's grocery boy turned dishonest and was sacked. Sandy was the successful applicant for his job.

Happiness and Sandy had long been strangers, but today was exceptional. He swung along the shore road, the bathing suit over his shoulder, on his thin face an expression of contentment. From Monday he would be earning money. So much a week! At last he would know where he stood. And how he would enjoy the summer! Already he was turning a little brown; work in the open air would give him a rare tan. One Sunday he would take Aunt Bess for a sail on the lake boat; at nights, when he went up to water the professor's garden—he mustn't neglect that now that he had a job—he would get Uncle John to go with him. Uncle John loved gardens, and perhaps they could pick some flowers for Aunt Bess. Watering would be a pleasant excursion now, not a duty. Everything would be pleasant. He would enjoy delivering groceries punctually. Perhaps—if he did well—Mr. Malone would promote him to serving in the store.

It was a lovely warm day. A little too warm, in fact. If he had ten cents he could take the bus instead of walking the two miles to his bathing place. But it would be great when he *was* there! He would lie down for a minute or two and rest. Then he would slide into the lake. He wondered how long he could stay in without shivering.

He was lucky. A man came along in a truck and gave him a lift. Sandy told him about his job. 'Gee, Boy, that's swell!' the man said.

There was a smart car parked by the roadside, and on his rocks several girls in bright, backless swimming costumes were enjoying a sunbath. Sandy bore them no grudge for stealing his favourite place; on the contrary he listened sympathetically to their laughter, smiling a little. But soon he walked away, keeping his eyes open for another shelf of rock under the trees.

Not far off he found it, and it was even a more beautiful place than the first. The rocks were smoother here to the feet.

On the first covered rock Sandy sat down, gasping a little as the cool water touched his thighs. Allowing himself to slide, he got his feet on to a lower rock, big and flat. Here, when he stood up,

the water came to his waist. He ducked. Now he was quite wet. Trying to remember the directions he had once read for the American crawl, he gripped firmly the edge of the higher rock, tightened his knees and kicked hard from the thighs. Then he stood up again and began to explore the rock with his toes. He could not see through the water, which was thick with pollen. The rock went out for a long way. He was glad to have found such a safe place, and felt grateful to the girls for having usurped the other. He wasn't a bit cold yet, either. He'd have

another turn or two, then climb out, sunbathe and eat. That was a good, hefty meat sandwich that Aunt Bess had put up for him. He'd enjoy it too!

Just another turn. Sandy stepped out gaily. This rock *did* go out far. Again he pushed his right foot experimentally. Yes, he could go further. He moved a few steps to the right, jumping a little . . . gave a cry.

And then he sank. Into deep water where the line of rock broke off, he sank without another sound.

SCIENCE AND CRITICISM

By STEPHEN ELYOT

IF one were asked to put a name on the last great tide of thought that has swept 'round earth's human shore', and which is still rising, unquestionably that name would be science. I am not referring to practical science, of course: that hydra-headed monster of good and evil which has made humankind the butt of its ironic jests by giving us insulin and poison-gas; by lowering the rate of infant mortality and increasing the efficiency of machine-guns; by giving us the means to longer and more abundant life and at the same time inventing the most diabolical ways to early death. Practical science, like humanity itself, is the blind agent of its own destruction. Nor do I mean pure science which explores the little world of the atom with its mysterious jungles of electrons and protons, and which, in the larger world of the universe, is extending human consciousness farther and farther into the wilderness of space and time. These two conceptions of science are simply its application to human and intellectual problems, whereas science in its real essence is a measure of intellectual truth, a guiding principle, a process of mind, a gauge of reality, a code of mental conduct that demands, above all things, a scrupulous sense of evidence. Science, in this sense, is a kind of intellectual ethic which has created a new concept of truth and with it a new standard of intellectual values.

The great contribution of the scientific spirit to modern thought has been its insistence on some measurable scale of truth and reality. By doing so it has lifted truth—or what more nearly resembles truth—from the bewildering chaos of subjective experience, the individual standard, the emotional, the spiritually comfortable, the dogmatic, the ultra-mundane, and created a definite objective value for it in terms of accepted standards. Its disbelief in absolute fact and ultimate truth has jostled rudely against the 'eternal verities', and its expansion of the universe into a multiverse, not of fixed immutable laws, but of constant dynamic change, has produced no less a mental revolution within the four walls of the human skull. The whole tendency of the scientific method has been—and still is—to change the qualitative into the quantitative: that is, to replace vague personal standards with definite and measurable objective values. For example, I may say I am strong, or moderately strong, or quite strong, or very strong, or enormously so, but no one of these expressions can give even an approximate

idea of my strength. If, however, I say that I can just barely lift two hundred pounds *avoirdupois* I have expressed the measure of my strength in a definite verifiable way and by a standard which everyone will agree to accept.

This intellectual revolution which science has made at the very base of human knowledge has, quite inevitably, swept the whole length and breadth of modern philosophy to form a basis for naturalism, realism, and pragmatism, in which some attempt is made to gather the facts of the various sciences together and to sew them into a kind of philosophical patch-quilt around the central design of human consciousness. The pragmatic test, which I shall mention later, is: Does it work? Does it fulfill its purpose? and in this way the pragmatist measures the truth of ideas by their failure or fulfilment in fact and experience.

This same implacable reaching for objective verification of these shadows on the wall of consciousness is to be found in the rise of objective psychology in the form of behaviorism which attempts to measure nervous events in an organism in terms of response to stimuli. The same tendency has given us a new conception of history which has lifted it from the insubstantial world of ideas and great personalities and reinterpreted it in the light of economic and social forces which prove to be the true dynamics of history. It does not matter one whit whether or not you agree with Watson or Marx or Einstein or Eddington or Rutherford so far as the present matter is concerned. I am not concerned here with questions of fact, but with methods of inquiry, codes of evidence, and standards of truth, which will measure reality outside the welter and confusion of personal experience and individual standards. Even if you were able to disprove all the facts of science tomorrow, or if, by the pragmatic test, they disproved themselves, it would by no means justify the personal standard any more than it would discredit science as a method of inquiry.

What relation, it must now be asked, does science bear to criticism? Those of my readers who are idealists or confirmed esthetes are, no doubt, impatient to ask me if I am prepared to weigh a novel or a play in some grocer's scale and judge of their literary or dramatic values in pounds *avoirdupois*; or if I would examine Beauty under a microscope or put a painting to the test of chemical analysis. No, I would do none of these things for the same

reason that a mariner does not tell the time by his compass. This sort of question is usually expected to abash the realist and knock his position into a philosophical cocked-hat, while actually it only betrays confusion in the minds of those who ask them. I am not attempting to deny the existence of subjective experience or the fact that aesthetic values are a part of human personality, but I do believe that the present methods of dealing with them in literary and dramatic criticism are slipshod, fumblewitted, and grossly unreliable.

Time was, of course, when criticism could be regarded as a fine art, but even in this exalted category its history is a long tale of blunder and mischance. English criticism in the Eighteenth Century was pursued as an intellectual pastime and at a time when the Commonwealth of Letters was patronized by only a small group in the cultured circles of the aristocracy and upper middle-class. Books were few and interests still fewer in the midst of widespread illiteracy—a condition shared in large part by the fox-hunting, ale-swilling squirearchy itself. In such circumstances criticism fell naturally into the hands of those who undertook it entirely by choice because they were inclined to it either by taste or aptitude.

But criticism has undergone a change of economic and social status during the last hundred years which must be counted among the effects of our industrial civilization. Popular education has created an unprecedented market for books and plays, and mass-production of literature is one of the results of this new demand for readables. Under this new impulse criticism, with a few exceptions, was bound to fall from its old estate into a business whose stock and trade is made up, for the most part, of whims, freaks, moods, and fancies, which are made to praise or condemn according to whether the critic is pleased or not pleased. Criticism has become a field for economic exploitation and those who enter it are more often than not pressganged into it by direct economic pressure. In the business of criticism there is no attempt to argue, explain, analyse, or justify a critical position against any standard of value other than narrow conventionalism and personal opinion at their worst. This in despite, there are a few critics whose opinions as such are interesting and valuable. They are a few who exercise a prerogative of insight, scholarship, and force of character, and who possess a negative genius as great as the positive genius they single out for greatness. They are the few who receive the confirmation and proof of time's general consent.

It would seem then that there is no more relation between science and criticism than there is between order and chaos. Although criticism is a vital need culturally and, in the present scheme of things, commercially, it is a remarkable fact that this new intellectual tide which has carried human inquiry to its highest reaches, transforming the physical world, making over the universe, revolutionizing philosophy, reconstituting history, and creating a new kind of reality, should have failed to carry the field of criticism even in spiritual sympathy.

An example of this estrangement of criticism from the new spirit that is guiding us into an ampler sense of things is to be found in Mr. William Arthur Deacon's criticism of Bernard Shaw's most widely

discussed play *Too True to be Good* as it was presented recently in Toronto by Maurice Colbourne and Barry Jones. Mr. Deacon tells us at the outset that:—

..... As a thinker, the wise-cracking philosopher has reached the level of the statesman who announced: 'What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar'. For all that the talk goes on until a quarter to 12, Shaw doesn't say a thing in his new play.

Knowing that Shaw never was a dramatist, a play-builder; and realizing that his plays were stimulating originally because he was thinking a lap ahead of the crowd, and that he has lost this advantage in the last decade, I yet expected to be entertained, amused, made to laugh at Shaw's quips and wit in *Too True To Be Good* But it is not a very funny play. By Shaw standards, it is tame, flat

This mental attitude is carried throughout the length of his criticism, and my first reaction to it was that Mr. Deacon is not only a partial witness, suborned by his own personal misgivings about Shaw, but that he has based his case on evidence which is egregiously irrelevant. Not only does this criticism shout aloud with overtones of anti-Shavian sentiment which even a magistrate would frown on in a witness, but in his anxiety to unmake Mr. Shaw's reputation he omits almost entirely to say anything about the play. We are left totally in the dark as to *why* it is 'so very bad—trite, empty, piffling'. All in all, it would seem that the only thing Mr. Deacon found pleasing about *Too True To Be Good* was the fact that it displeased him.

In making a brief analysis of Mr. Deacon's criticism I think it would be as well to give his opening broadside the oblivion it deserves. Not only is it a piece of catch-penny journalism, but it is a preposterous misrepresentation. In the second paragraph we are told that 'Shaw never was a dramatist, a play-builder; and that his plays were stimulating originally because he was thinking a lap ahead of the crowd, and that he has lost this advantage in the last decade,' yet Mr. Deacon confesses with a charming naiveté that he 'expected to be entertained, amused, made to laugh at Shaw's quips and wit.' By what process of mind, I wonder, could Mr. Deacon possibly expect to be entertained, amused, made to laugh by a play written by someone who is not a dramatist and who has lost most of his other advantages in the last decade? If wit has been rightly defined as 'the faculty of showing things in their less obvious relations', and if Shaw has nothing new to say, certainly Mr. Deacon's expectations of being entertained were unjustified. Shaw, in short, was expected to be witty without having anything left to be witty about.

Nor is Mr. Deacon on any firmer ground when he dogmatizes about Shaw not being a dramatist. Translated into terms of science the same process of mind would conclude that Mendel's law of heredity is unscientific because he was not a scientist but an obscure monk!

Mr. Deacon has apparently come to the conclusion that the only thing left for Shaw to do is to be funny and now he has failed at that for we are told 'it was not a very funny play.' In telling us that 'by Shaw standards, it is tame, flat', Mr. Deacon makes his only attempt to measure the play against any standards at all. This unfortunately makes matters still worse for Mr. Deacon's theory of criticism and for two very good reasons: firstly, because he has

already refused to accept Shaw as a dramatist, a play-builder; and secondly, because in comparing Shaw with Shaw in this way he has used the name of the thing to be defined as the term of the definition which is no more enlightening than saying Shaw is Shaw, culture is culture, wit is wit, and truth is truth. Even if we assume that Shaw has some identity in dramatic art, however questionable, it would still be wrong to explain him by comparing him with himself as a kind of noumenon. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Deacon has tried to explain in some way or other that Shaw, although he never was a playwright, is not writing such good plays as he used to:—

The tang has gone out of Shaw. He ends with a note of bathos, which he tries to make tragic, of a man with a burning desire to preach, but no doctrine to expound, no remedy in which he himself has any faith. What a brave confession! But that is why the play is no good, even as talk.

Mr. Deacon's conclusion here is that *Too True To Be Good* is no good as a play, even as talk, because Shaw has no doctrine to expound, no remedy in which he himself has any faith. This conclusion is so patently absurd that it requires no analysis here. It only reveals in still clearer light the kind of mental hurly-burly that passes under the imposing stamp of literary and dramatic criticism.

But Mr. Deacon's strictures on Shaw are quite by the way. The important thing, so far as my present interest lies, is not whether *Too True to be Good* is a good or bad play, but to see if criticism can be made to capture something of the new scientific spirit I have tried to describe. Is it possible for us to free criticism from its present narrow limits which make it, for the most part, a medium of personal expression, and turn it into something like a science of interpretation? I do not say that it is possible for criticism to realize the objectivity and impersonality that scientific methods have realized in so many fields, but that unfortunate fact by no

means makes the personal and authoritarian conception of criticism any more satisfactory.

Nor does the fault lie with science: it lies in the very nature of criticism. It may be perfectly true to say with Falstaff that 'an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster,' but it would be a much more difficult matter to turn an old critic into a new scientist. Art values are admittedly beyond the grasp of neat definition or definite objective representation—this in spite of Cabell's seven beautiful categories: distinction, clarity, beauty, symmetry, tenderness, truth, and urbanity. If art is alive with the creative urge, vital, dynamic, expansive, it must inevitably burst free of old values, old truths, and worn-out forms, and create new and roomier ones. When these new forces and new forms strike across our horizon, like strange comets seemingly out of nowhere, criticism follows in their wake like a sputtering insubstantial tail.

The question of how much of the scientific spirit can be infused into criticism is a complete discussion in itself. I can only hint here that it might take some kind of pragmatic form, judging art by its effectiveness in given situations, response to stimuli, if you will; by asking the question: Does it work? does it fulfil its purpose? and if so, what is the value of that purpose against the real and infinitely greater drama of human events? Criticism, in the ideal sense, bears the same relation to art that philosophy bears to life: both try to interpret and explain events in the light of the whole. Somewhere between the cold, logical, impersonal, objective, positive, dispassionate approach of science to external reality on the one hand, and the warmth and gusto, imagination and feeling of personal expression on the other, lies the future of criticism as a respectable intellectual entity. We cannot make an old art into a new science, but I think it is still possible to make a poor art into a better one by clarifying its fundamentals.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

By ELIZABETH WYN-WOOD

THE newspapers of December the eighth published widely the intention on the part of one hundred and eighteen artists, claiming to represent the main body of artists in Canada, to boycott all exhibitions arranged by the National Gallery in an attempt to force a government inquiry and a radical change of policy in that institution. The reasons given for this move were that the Gallery had, for years, exhibited a 'flagrant partiality' toward small groups in the selecting and hanging of Canadian works of art for the annual exhibitions held at Ottawa and for special exhibitions in foreign countries, that too small a proportion of the annual grant had been spent in Canada for the benefit of Canadian artists, and that the Trustees had exceeded their powers in the management of the Gallery.

This outburst was very startling to the many who hold the National Gallery in high esteem as one institution whose cooperative policy is felt and appreciated in all parts of the country. The trustees and officials of the Gallery have denied the charges,

and hundreds of artists have expressed confidence in the present administration. Statistics and documents, available to any one who cares to read them, show very clearly that the complaints are unwarranted, and one is led to the inevitable conclusion that the whole problem is more psychological than actual.

The attack against the Gallery and the so-called 'favoured groups' was ill advised and is, with the subsequent guerilla warfare among the artists, very much to be regretted. If we can detach ourselves from our present close view and look at the situation with broader vision it will appear, what in reality it is, a manifestation which would be foolish were it not pathetic. It has an element of desperation in it—the desperation of a disappointed and dying order. As such we should treat it generously. It is to be hoped, however, that this is the last expression of that bitterness which has broken out at intervals during the last twenty years and which has sapped the building power of our artists. The sooner

the whole affair is forgotten, the nearer will be that time when the more virile artists will work together, with the support of the whole nation, toward the building up of our contribution to the cultural joy of the world.

The precipitation of the storm is to be considered in the light of three contributing factors. One of these, and the most obvious, although probably of least importance, is a mass of various personal conceits, jealousies, and semi-professional ambitions. This is the aspect which has prompted much of the sniping in letters to the editors of daily newspapers, and much of the studio and drawing-room gossip. One hears that a painter, satisfied that his international popularity has placed his work above criticism, has been omitted from the walls of an annual exhibition at Ottawa and that he blames, not himself, nor even the jury of selection, but the director of the Gallery for the omission. One hears that the pictures for an important foreign exhibition were selected in an underhand way, without the advice of representative artists; and then one finds that eight members of the Royal Canadian Academy acted as jury in the selection of the works. One hears a painter claiming that his picture, although having successfully passed the jury for this exhibition, was never hung, and then one sees photographs of the Galleries, taken during the exhibition, which show the picture in question on the wall. One reads that the same exhibition, purporting to show the works of all important artists in the Dominion, was actually composed of pictures by only four Canadian artists; while catalogues, photographs, independent press notices, and the reports of reliable eye witnesses prove that the work of one hundred and eight artists was shown. One hears that never have the pictures for the annual shows been chosen by artists nor by persons who understand the artists' crafts, while one meets, daily, artists who have acted on selection committees for years. One hears that the expressed ambition of one painter is to break the power of the director of the Gallery. One reads that portrait painters are not favoured by the Gallery. One observes that portraits are usually commissioned by the subjects and very few are available for public purchase. One hears and observes many other things.

Some of the one hundred and eighteen malcontents are emotionally in a state which is more deserving of compassion than of censure. Many of them have fallen prey to false rumours to such an extent that they actually think they have legitimate grievances. Some of those who have struck back so readily have been embittered through being themselves the victims of long persecution, due to misunderstandings and jealousies. But these matters, unpleasant though they may be, are, from the national point of view, so petty that it seems preposterous that they should at any time be considered sufficient cause for serious attention by a federal government. At a time like the present, when every attention is being directed toward matters of gravest human concern, it seems indeed fantastic.

A second factor which colours the situation is an opinion, repeatedly expressed by some artists in conversation and in newspaper comment, that the National Gallery might properly be under the control of, or influenced by, a group of representative artists rather than of laymen.

This suggestion has its possibilities and its dangers. It might be recommended on the ground that technicians have given valuable services in other departments. Its chief disadvantage lies in the doubtful possibility of finding an artist whose judgment is impartial. Technical advisors usually deal with practical issues, rather than aesthetic. A working artist, being creative, has a point of view dictated by his personal approach to his medium. Furthermore, there is no group nor any association of artists which can truly be called representative. Numerous chartered organizations do exist. In a nation as heterogeneous and as incompletely formed as Canada, many artists of reputation and of merit are not members of these organizations. Indeed the majority of exhibitors are non-members. If one is willing to waive a favourite theory that there are only two or three artists in a generation and grant the title to all those who are professionally occupied with painting, sculpture, or design in its various branches, then one must admit that the official patronage of societies which are self-electing and which are not responsible to the artists of the country, should not interfere with the independent rights of all authentic artists. The records of the disgraceful intrigues and squabbles of the incorporated bodies in other countries and in other generations should serve as warnings. The wisdom of those who have been instrumental in founding and shaping our art institutions is commendable. The Canadian art organizations have, without exception, been conceived honourably and have functioned harmoniously. The present controversy is outside the activities of the societies, but involves some of the members. It is apparent, therefore, that the participation of an artist body in a public department would not be an advantage at the present time.

The National Gallery is essentially a public institution, a department of the Government. It is the instrument through which the nation is able to witness, to encourage, and to acquire the works of its artists. It is the symbol of the people's appreciation. The activities of the Gallery are much broader than the holding of exhibitions. They involve a very extensive educational programme and an awareness of the vital artistic happenings of the day regardless of personages, groups, or cliques. They include the searching out of new and hitherto unrecognized talent along with the patronage of the well established artists.

The National Gallery, for the people, and the Royal Canadian Academy, for the artists, were formally instituted on March 5, 1880, by his Excellency the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, and Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise. It was the occasion of the opening of an exhibition held in the old Clarendon Hotel, Ottawa. His Excellency, in the course of a speech, said:—

Although I believe some gentlemen have been good enough to propose we postpone the initiation of this institution for the present, and should wait for the short and moderate space of exactly a hundred years and look towards its incorporation in the year of grace, 1980, art will no doubt be in vigorous life in Canada a century hence . . . the gentlemen who have been appointed academicians have patriotically undertaken as a guarantee of their interest in the welfare of art in Canada, that it shall be a condition of their acceptance of the office of academician that they shall give, each of them, a picture which shall become national property and be placed here in an art gallery. These works will be at

the disposal of one of the Ministers who might be charged with this trust and it will be in his option to decide whether they shall be exhibited in other parts of the country or loaned for purposes of art instruction for a time to local schools.

The National Gallery grew up slowly from 1880 to 1907. From its foundation it was entrusted to the Minister of Public Works. The Parliament of Canada voted sums of money every year for expenditure in the purchase of objects of art for the National Gallery. The members of the Royal Canadian Academy continued to aid in its support by the presentation of their diploma pieces to the Gallery, through the Minister. The first pictures were selected by the Governor General and hung for a time in the Clarendon Hotel. Later they were transferred to an upper room in the old building which now houses the Supreme Court. A few pictures were purchased or presented by parliamentarians and others from time to time, mostly of very poor quality, including several copies. After a time the Gallery was moved to the old Fisheries Building. The curators were usually government architects who had other work to do and gave very little attention to the Gallery.

In 1907 the Government decided that the National Gallery should be put on a sound basis and they therefore established the Advisory Arts Council. This move was most effective, and was supported by the Academy. But its results must be credited almost entirely to the personal energy of Sir Edmund Walker, who was one of the first members of the Council and chairman from 1910 until his death in 1924. The first council consisted of Sir George Drummond, Mr. Byron (afterwards Sir Edmund) Walker, and the Honourable Arthur Boyer. A plan for the regular acquisition of Works of Art was adopted, and nearly everything of value in the National collection has been acquired since 1907.

The Victoria Memorial Museum was completed in 1910 and the three floors of the east wing were allotted by the Government to the National Gallery. Mr. Eric Brown was appointed director. Shortly afterwards the Gallery was moved into these new quarters. From that time its advance was rapid and along sound lines.

The National Gallery Act was passed in 1913. The Gallery was placed under the control of a Board of Trustees who were to be responsible to the Government, as previously, through the Department of Public Works. The objects and powers of the Board, as outlined in the Act, were to be: 'the development of the National Gallery . . . and generally the encouragement and cultivation of correct artistic taste and Canadian public interest in the fine arts, the promotion of the interests generally of art in Canada; the exhibition of works of art under the auspices of the Board or of societies or otherwise; . . . and the custody and acquiring of pictures, statuary and similar property.

About this time a body of artists showed ambition to exercise some control over the Gallery. This was very naturally opposed by the Government and was the subject of some discussion and correspondence at the time. The Government took the view that it could not entrust the administration of any of its departments or institutions to a self-perpetuating, irresponsible body. This matter was agreeably disposed of.

The National Gallery has continued to function

since 1913 with amazing success. It has built up one of the finest collections of old masters on the Continent. It has, on permanent exhibition, a large collection of casts of the most notable classical sculptures. It has assembled a collection of prints, designs, and drawings, numbering several thousands. It has acquired nearly five hundred paintings and sculptures by two hundred and three Canadian artists. (In passing it might be noted that this number completely refutes the charge of flagrant partiality.) The officials of the Gallery had the foresight to promote the creation of the Canadian war memorials' paintings and other works of art by the most distinguished contemporary artists. In this collection Canada possesses the most comprehensive artistic record of the Great War in existence. The Gallery has instituted and arranged loan exhibitions of Canadian works of art to galleries, schools, libraries, and clubs throughout the Dominion and to the various Canadian legations in foreign countries. It has sent lecturers to all parts of the country. It has assembled thousands of lantern slides and numerous written lectures on all phases of art and has made them available to all associations and persons who can use them. It has sponsored important exhibitions at home and abroad. It has consistently co-operated with art associations. It has searched out, with cordial interest, working artists in the East and in the West, and in small towns remote from the centres of exhibition. It has encouraged newly arrived and young talent. It has courageously supported progressive movements, while accepting and acquiring a majority of works based upon the principles of conservatism.

The successful carrying out of these enterprises has been due, in large part, to the knowledge, the sound judgment, and the vision of Mr. Brown, who has been the director for twenty-three years and to the splendid energies of Mr. McCurry, the assistant director since 1919. The report *The Museums of Canada*, by Sir Henry A. Miers, D.Sc., F.R.S., and S.F. Markham, M.A., B.Litt., discusses exhaustively the importance to a museum of a competent curator with capable assistants. It then names the National Gallery as one of the few of the one hundred and twenty-five Canadian Museums which has such a curator and staff. It further says:

'The National Gallery is well administered by a Board of Trustees,' and

'The best example of co-operation in the Dominion is undoubtedly the loan exhibition work of the National Gallery.'

In 1928 a formal deputation of artists asked for representation on the Gallery. This was refused as not being possible under the provisions of the law. The artists once more expressed agreement and promised their support.

It is possible to conceive of a gallery being administered by a group of artists. It does not necessarily follow that this arrangement would make the gallery a better one, nor the policies more fair. The tremendous amount of work entailed would probably be detrimental to the artists. An artist can wisely contribute all his abilities to his craft. There is no country in the world where a National Gallery is controlled by artists. As a matter of courtesy the artists are always consulted in matters relating to the exhibition of their works. A few smaller

galleries are advised by artists. The Art Gallery of Toronto has six representatives appointed by as many artists' associations. The friendliest relations exist between all artists and this gallery. This may be attributed, however, to the fact that the Toronto Art Gallery has adopted no apparent plan for the extensive acquisition of Canadian works of art. If such a policy were to be introduced, quarrels would doubtless follow.

A third cause of the present situation, and probably the most fundamental, may be found in the resentment, not more in this country than elsewhere, of backward-looking artists to the acceptance, by the world audience, of the principles and expressions of modernism. So long as the leaders and innovators were ridiculed and persecuted these artists were secure in their glories. But as early as 1886 the *Magazine of Art* reports:—

As it is, the antagonism between the well-worn stereotypes of the old school, and the sound method and sensitive perception of the rising men, is more acute than ever.

Now an awakening world, characterized by an emphasis upon the coming rather than upon the past, a generation which witnesses and accepts honest engineering in architecture and in machine is ready to appreciate the modern fine arts. Reactionaries everywhere are making a last grasp for the strongholds of official sanction.

Rarely do artists and public feel that togetherness which is the soil for the growing of great national arts, and could be the basis of a great international art expression. International and social tolerance is the fruit of culture rather than of politics. Art can emerge as a force only when working artists are willing to subordinate their individualism to the ideals of their environment. Consider the early Egyptians, the Periclean Greeks, and the Byzantine and Gothic artisans. The high periods of art have been at times when artists have worked together, and with their audiences. Sometimes the audience has been a single overlord, sometimes an enlightened and aristocratic group, sometimes the Church. Today, in an age of wider possibilities, the masses of simple men and women who are the inhabitants of the earth make the audience of the artists. The world has grown out of the infancy of private patronage.

The function of an art is the enrichment of life; and the work of an artist is the supplying of commodities, necessary to this end, wherever they may be needed. The artist is too close to his own work to catalogue it. The ultimate decision of an intelligent public, which includes artists and scholars, may be regarded more seriously than the judgment passed on the work of one artist by another at the time of production. The function of an art gallery is the selecting and gathering, not of all fine works, but of landmarks. It is the place for the significant products of the past, and for modern works whose originality and vigour mark them as being contributions to the way we are taking.

The National Gallery of Canada has proclaimed a vital policy. The annual report for the fiscal year 1920-21 says:—

In presenting this report, the trustees wish to express the conviction that the support of art in Canada is not only far from being the support of an aesthetic luxury but is quite definitely the support of an economic necessity of the greatest

national importance . . . Canadian artists come to the front wherever they are found and the trustees feel very strongly that if this view of art could be generally recognized, that Canada would profit rapidly and substantially in every branch of her commercial life.

The far-reaching results already achieved in spite of limited resources and war conditions have assured the trustees that, with a fair measure of support to their efforts, Canada can rapidly take her place artistically with the great nations of the world.

The report for the fiscal year 1925-26 says:—

Creative artists are in the position of prophets or way-showers and all art that has meant anything in the world has always been a new discovery, and it is the new and the unconventional idea which is invariably disturbing to tradition and custom.

So we can see a wholesome and vigorous Canadian art development taking place, which is of the utmost value to the country, and which, if encouraged, will permeate and inspire the whole national artistic utterance, painting, sculpture, poetry and music. There could be no greater ideal to hope and to work for in Canada.

POST MORTEM

I dreamt that crickets were chirping over my bones

In a withered land under a copper sky,
'How did this man die, and where and why?'

The burden of their metallic monotones.

'I find his liver was not diseased.' 'And I
His heart.' 'His lungs,' cried these bewildered ones.
Precisely they dissected body and bones,

In a withered land under a copper sky.

Till one with scalpel running, out of breath,

Puffed, 'Gentlemen, a most amazing thing!

But such undoubtedly the cause of death:

This man loved, and whom he loved broke faith;

Here the scar of it graven on the brain,

And here the shrunken nerves burnt black with
pain.

As I submit, a most amazing thing,

But, doubtless, gentlemen, the cause of death.'

K. N. CAMERON

GIDDY TIME

Giddy Time,

O drunken Time!

racing, racing,

creeping, creeping,

bibulous, licentious Time,

gulping down the champagne years

and sleeping, sleeping,

or dancing the poor old World to tears

with ribald rhyme

in her disgusted ears.

O live apace

in mid-night orgy and in noon-day slumber.

Whirl the human race

in wanton waltzes without number.

Take a long breath,

put the years up to your lips again

and drain.

Some day, I hope,

you'll dope

yourself to death.

R. ORCHARD



A TRACT FOR THE TIMES

ANN VICKERS, by Sinclair Lewis (Doubleday, Doran, and Gundy; pp. 586; \$2.50).

THIS is a broad and crowded canvas even for a Lewis novel; indeed it resembles Mr. Dreiser's *The Financier* and *The Titan* more closely than any of the earlier work of its own author. Dreiser's Cowperwood was a type of piratical capitalism; Ann Vickers is a type of blundering humanitarianism; yet as individuals, as seekers of material and spiritual satisfactions, they differ only as a woman differs from a man. What unity the novel has is in the character and vocation of the heroine, who develops before us through a period of forty years from a plain exuberant Middle Western schoolgirl to a brisk and socially reckless superintendent of a New York reformatory. As an undergraduate in a Connecticut women's college she abandons the Y.W.C.A. and organizes a socialist cell. Fresh from graduation, she takes up feminism and becomes a ring-leader of agitation in Ohio. The ardour of her feminism brings her into jail and in so doing determines her vocation. For, sitting one day in prison:—

She saw that war was stupid, that conducting business for the profits of a few owners was insane, that thrones and crowns and titles and degrees were as childish as playing with tin soldiers, but that, in the entire range of human imbecility, there was nothing quite so senseless as imprisonment as a cure for crime . . . and that the worse the crimes became, the more serious it was that there should be only so barbaric an effort at cure.

This book, as even so short an excerpt as this will show, is a fighting book, a tract as well as a novel; and not a tract for the reform of prisons or of the prison system but, like Butler's *Erewhon*, a tract for the abolition of prisons. It is reasonable to suppose that Ann's idol, the professor of sociology at Columbia, who is allowed a four-page Butlerian oration, (pp. 271-275), gives the essence of Mr. Lewis's doctrine. He says in brief that if the criminal is curable at all he should be provided with all the curative devices society disposes of, and, once cured, he may return into ordinary social life; but if the criminal is incurable—and the nature of his crime is of no significance here—he must be locked up as we lock up a lunatic, in sorrow, not in anger or reproach. When, many years later, Ann has her reformatory in New York, she runs it on just these principles and no others.

Meanwhile, by clever wangling she gets a temporary appointment to Copperhead Gap Penitentiary, in the vague Southwest, one of the worst prisons in the Union. The hundred pages given to her stay there make up the middle chapters, and the best, of the book. Mr. Lewis tears at the prison much as he tore at the McGurk Institute in *Arrowsmith*. Every character in these chapters is violently alive: the natty, smooth-spoken little warden, the sadistic adjutant, 'a man with a long, yellow horse-face, acute little red eyes, and hands like bloated centipedes', the matrons grafting on the women prisoners' food and labour, and ordering savage whippings,

administered in cheerful defiance of the law, the favoured prisoners, smuggling cocaine and heroin and sharing their spoils with the matrons, the craven chaplain, the drunken doctor, the lecherous guards. Charles Reade could not have done a better job than these chapters.

From this prison Ann returns to New York, to add for many years to the world's slender store of important work honestly done, to become a 'Great Woman', to long for a 'Great Lover' and to put up with a number of extremely petty ones, and, finally, to surrender everything for a red-bearded prize fighter of a Tammany politician, His Honour Bernard Dow Dolphin of the Supreme Court of New York. The ending is forced and hurried: it carries no conviction.

No question of the vitality of this book as a social tract. No question of its becoming a best seller, providing preachers with sermons, social service workers with joy or pain according to their temperaments, and dinner tables generally with wrangling. Not since *Babbitt* has Mr. Lewis written a book so sure to make the mighty rage and to bring obstinate, uncomfortable questions into the minds of the 'Great Common People' whose depth of heart delights Mr. Lewis as much as their narrowness of mind dismays him. As a novel, *Ann Vickers* cannot bear comparison with the work of craftsmen such as Louis Bromfield and Ellen Glasgow. It is shapeless, it is too full of too many things, it sacrifices character to argument, and loses all fineness in its insistence upon force. From the first page it is written to compel attention; and it succeeds magnificently in holding the attention fixed on each detail as it passes. The penalty for such success is that nothing is gained by re-reading. Second-hand stores will do a large trade in *Ann Vickers* next fall.

E. K. BROWN

THE AMERICAN SCENE

A NEW DEAL, by Stuart Chase (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 257; \$2.50).

INTERPRETATIONS, 1931-32, by Walter Lippmann (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 301; \$2.75).

THE CRISIS OF CAPITALISM IN AMERICA, by M. J. Bonn (John Day-Geo. J. McLeod; pp. 232; \$2.50).

THE COMING OF A NEW PARTY, by Paul H. Douglas (McGraw-Hill Book Co.; pp. 236; \$2.00).

SOCIALIST PLANNING AND A SOCIALIST PROGRAM, edited by Harry W. Laidler (Falcon Press; pp. 255; \$2.00).

ALL of these American books deal with the current depression and most of them are concerned with its political as well as its economic consequences. The last two of them were written to be read by the electors during the recent presidential campaign period. None of them can be said to be of outstanding significance but they are all readable and suggestive and full of shrewd analysis. They represent of course only a small part of the stream of books on public affairs with which the American reader can educate himself if he sees fit. The reading of them makes a Canadian wonder why we do not get more books of the same kind dealing with Canadian problems. But when he observes that the American electorate seems to settle its problems with the same unintelligence which is characteristic of our Canadian voters, he wonders

whether the writing of books makes much difference in our modern democracies after all.

Stuart Chase's brilliant and destructive analysis of our present economic system has now been made familiar in a series of volumes. This one, like the previous ones, is full of striking examples of the chaos and waste of competitive capitalism. He enumerates sixteen ways of making money which are anti-social and in their cumulative effect have produced the present breakdown. 'It is not the profit that the fortune hunter makes which is the bulk of the trouble; it is the waste and maladjustment he creates in trying to make it.' We must try to produce a functional economy. The Russian method of achieving this end, that of revolution, he considers suicidal in a mechanized society like America, because the Communists cannot supply the technicians and engineers to seize the key positions and keep the machine running. A Fascist dictatorship he considers impossible because our capitalists are not sufficiently united among themselves; and, besides, the economic system cannot be salvaged without a drastic scaling down of fixed charges which would conflict with the interests of the very class who should supply the Fascist dictators. The third method, which is the one he favours, is to entrust salvation to the engineers and scientists. In fact Mr. Chase is spiritually a technocrat, though his book was written before the reporters had familiarized the continent with the name. And, like the technocrats, he becomes somewhat vague when he approaches the blueprints of the new system.

Ten years ago it seemed that Walter Lippmann was the most promising figure in the field of American political thought. His writings were the most penetrating and original that were appearing in English on either side of the Atlantic. But it is now evident that those who once looked to him for leadership should speak henceforth of the late Walter Lippman. His increasing scepticism about democracy which revealed itself with each successive book was stimulating and even creative until it culminated in complete negation. And now he has nothing to offer except shrewd comments on current events which become month by month more comforting to the conservative readers of the New York *Herald Tribune*. In this volume of so-called interpretations he has nothing to say about the capitalist system as such; all his blame is for the working of democratic political institutions. He is a complete deflationist, and deflation is the economic philosophy of the rich and the comfortable. Let us shed a tear over a once promising youth and pass on.

Dr. Moritz Bonn of Berlin ranks with André Siegfried as an interpreter of American institutions to Europe. This book is a remarkably able analysis of the nature of American prosperity in the boom years, of how the crash came, and what its results have been. What is specially interesting is his presentation of future possibilities. He believes that there are latent in the American world much more acute tensions than in other countries, and that the fanaticism of the passionate idealist bent on promoting universal happiness makes possible much more far-reaching changes than most observers would expect. Standardization has prepared the American for a communistic plan-economy, and he has always been accustomed to brutal coercion. 'American po-



Oxford Books

THE SHORTER OXFORD DICTIONARY.

2 Vols., Blue Buckram Binding \$18.00
With Thumb Index - - - \$20.00

A complete Dictionary of the English language, with selected dated quotations.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Compiled and edited by Sir Paul Harvey. - - - - - \$4.50

"One of the most valuable publications of its kind available in the English language." "... A work almost indispensable in the library of a modern writer, preacher or lecturer."

—Extracts from Canadian reviews.

THE LETTERS OF JANE AUSTEN, 1796-1817.

Now first collected by R. W. Chapman.
2 Volumes, with Illustrations and Maps. - - - - - \$12.50

The complete enjoyment of these letters is for the first time made possible. There are notes at the end of each volume, and full indexes.

SIR EDMUND WALKER.

By G. P. de T. Glazebrook, Assistant Professor of History in the University of Toronto. With a Foreword by Sir Robert Falconer, K.C.M.G. - \$3.00

This biography gives a clear, sympathetic and interesting account of the activities and interests of one of Canada's great public men.

MYTH AND RITUAL.

Edited by S. H. Hooke, with a Foreword by D. C. Simpson. Illustrated. - \$3.75

These essays on the myth and ritual of the Hebrews in relation to the culture pattern of the Ancient East were first delivered as lectures at Oxford and in the University of London. There are eight essays, of which the Editor contributes two.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

By the Right Hon. Lord Irwin. 50 cents

This is the inaugural MASSEY LECTURE, delivered before the University of Toronto in 1932.

Oxford University Press

Amen House

University Avenue

Toronto 2

litical temperament is very much like the American climate, subject to sudden violent change.'

Professor Paul Douglas' book is an argument for the building up of a new third party based on farmers, labour, and consumers. He exposes the futility of the two old parties in a complete and unanswerable fashion. He is also realistic about the difficulties facing those who wish to persuade farmers and workers to enter politics as organized bodies. But he sketches a programme for them 'that should keep American democracy busy for the next fifteen or twenty years'. 'As workers, farmers, and consumers work at the solution of the problems which face us today, they will be dull indeed if they do not find a more or less coherent social philosophy developing.' On almost every page the book suggests parallels with the Canadian situation and it may be strongly commended for just that reason.

The Socialist party, alas, did not make much impression on the American electorate last November. No doubt there were many reasons, but *Socialist Planning and a Socialist Program* makes clear what one of them was. Like all current books on planning this book is only a sketchy preface to the subject. The American Socialists had no very concrete plan to offer. They couldn't carry on an active campaign and draw up blue prints at the same time. Canadian socialists should take warning.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

THE FLAMBOYANT BECKFORD

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BECKFORD, by J. W. Oliver (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 343; \$3.75).

THERE could hardly be a more superb subject for a biographer than this flamboyant and incredibly romantic person, who being at the same time the wealthiest commoner in England was able to realize his most extravagant fancies. He was an astonishing but after all not unlikely product of eighteenth century culture: a talented amateur in all the arts, surrounded from his childhood by all the virtuosos of his time (at the age of five he received lessons in musical composition from Mozart who had just reached the age of nine), dashing across Europe with the equipage of a prince, dazzling and perturbing the society of London by his occasional appearances, scorning the conventions and despising the glory of a success in public life, and finally building for himself an enchanted tower in the midst of a vast domain, which was protected by a twelve-foot wall flung completely round it to keep out his fox-hunting neighbours.

Dr. Oliver has done his work with great care, and has made good use of the enormous amount of material in manuscript which has recently become accessible among the family papers of the Duke of Hamilton. This has enabled him to shape the story of Beckford's life around his correspondence, and these letters alone are a delightful revelation of William Beckford. At first we are inclined to question whether the story will not suffer in the hands of a biographer so serious, so matter-of-fact, so 'Caledonian'—as Lamb called it. But perhaps after all an additional flavour is given to the book by this curious contrast of temperaments. The unconventionality, the garishness, the extravagance of Beckford, all that was un-British about him, is heightened by the shadow of his biographer's solemn

and sober presence. And the biographer himself has the advantage of always remaining detached, aloof, never really in danger of losing himself in the fascination of his dangerous subject. This detachment only breaks down at those moments when he is concerned for Beckford's moral safety, as when for instance he comments on the dangers he incurred in the society of Venice, and from his depraved taste for music. And then the story of Beckford's life slips into a sort of moral allegory, in which good and evil angels struggle for the possession of his soul. On the one side is a group amongst whom we notice the honest commonplace Robert Drysdale, his first tutor, the rather shadowy figure of his mother, the first Lady Hamilton—his good angel in Italy—his wife Lady Margaret Gordon, and men of the world like Thurlow and Pitt, who sought to stir his ambition for power and influence. On the other side are those who had an unhealthy influence upon him, like Pacchierotti, 'one of those male sopranos who were admired by the musical taste of the time', William Courtenay and Mrs. Peter Beckford, who enticed him into dangerously passionate attachments, and all those who shared and encouraged his enthusiasm for things romantic and oriental. We are left with the sad impression that the evil influences had rather the best of it, and that both his character and his work were tainted. Only his travel books are allowed to be 'entirely free from that abnormality which deprives a work like *Vathek* of any sort of general significance, and consigns it to a detached, remote position far from the great high road of English literature'. At the end he is granted a very peaceful death—though he declined to receive either a priest or the rector of the parish—and is satisfactorily buried in the sarcophagus he had designed for himself; but his biographer remains a little suspicious even to the last moment, admitting rather grudgingly that this tomb is 'a beautiful, simple piece of work, not the flamboyant thing one might have expected of him'.

H. J. DAVIS

THE SENILE ADOLESCENT

THE IRONIC TEMPER. Anatole France and His Time, by Haakon M. Chevalier (Oxford University Press; \$3.75).

MR. CHEVALIER cheerfully assumes responsibility for the translations from Anatole France which occur in this book. Let us place the responsibility then squarely where it belongs. Defective references often make a check difficult but it is evident that a good dictionary might have been of great assistance to Mr. Chevalier in avoiding elementary difficulties of text and interpretation. Over and over again 'ignoror' is turned into the English 'ignore'; 'les petits bonshommes et les petites bonnes femmes' (the little toy men and women) becomes 'the little good men and the little good women'; 'seins' is translated 'bosoms' and 'tapis' (table-cover) 'carpet'. It is perhaps worse than bad manners to pretend to build up an interpretation of an author or his work on such faulty knowledge of his language. Essential shapes of thought and character may be very easily blurred by making your author say, for example, 'do not continue to live', when he really said 'have no continuous life'. This is a psychological study rather than

a literary one but the former through the latter. Hence it is important not to distort character or incident. But Mr. Chevalier distorts both on the rare occasions when he touches them, as, per example, when he says in reproach that 'Paphnuce and Game-lin become fanatical and violent when they enter the world of action'. Of course they do. That is the point. It was Mr. Chevalier's business to understand why they do. Under these circumstances it is natural that Mr. Chevalier should have been content to imagine that no consistent thought concerning life and the world is to be found in Anatole France's work, which consists, in consequence, of scattered ideas borrowed from all and sundry and held together by a cunning web of irony spun by a childish old man. This senile adolescent, this infantile octogenarian 'has nothing at stake', has 'no bold defiance of evil', 'no challenge to the incomplete and imperfect order of things'. O Anatole France! To what ironic fate have you come in what is surely a doctor's thesis? You have given no answer to the 'whither?' or the 'how?' or the 'what is to be done?' So you must step down from among the great to stand only with Erasmus, Chaucer, and Montaigne.

The Oxford University Press was right in thinking that there is room for a good book on France. There is large room. But that press was wrong in thinking this to be the book. Such a flimsy edifice can be built only of flimsy material. About one-quarter of this book is good material. But the author has not caught the secret of its use. 'The characteristic attitude of the nineteenth century is not "Irony"'—to employ Mr. Chevalier's turn of phrase. It is not the attitude of literature as a whole, nor of science or politics or the social movement. Even if it were that would not explain Anatole France. Irony is certainly a mode of his thought but it is decidedly not 'the man'. We might have expected in this book an examination of the types and forms and facets of the Francian irony. But Mr. Chevalier does not satisfy us. If he had, we might have possessed for our delectation an intensely humane study instead of a humourless Puritan repetitiousness. (e.g. p. 140: 'But he was unambitious and lazy and success did not interest him', p. 142. 'He was lazy and unambitious; he did not launch forth on enterprising ventures' and *passim*). Following that road he might, perhaps, have come upon France's secret thought. If Mr. Chevalier had had the courage to forget his bibliography and to study seriously the subject in hand, to face the full impact of even those sections of his author's work which he had had the temerity to truncate in order to make them fit into his preconceived opinion, he might have been slower to publish but surer to convince. He has tried to cramp France and the nineteenth century as well into this ready-made mould and has only convinced those who know nothing about Anatole France or irony or the nineteenth century. Yet Mr. Kenneth Burke has pronounced upon him the 'Well done, good and faithful servant' and admitted him to the joys of the *New Republic*. In his interesting essay Mr. Burke's sole explicit basis for this 'Republican' blessing is that Mr. Chevalier's bibliography seems to him 'convincing'—whatever that may mean. Now it is this bibliography that is the author's greatest trouble. In the first place it is far from complete. In the next he regards it as a sort of inspired table

SERVICE



The Dominion Bank, with its ample resources and long experience is equipped to offer every facility of modern banking service.

Whether it is with regard to a Savings or Business

Account, the financing of sound commercial enterprise, the investment of funds or some other phase of modern banking, the Dominion Bank can handle your transactions with promptness and dependability.

THE DOMINION BANK

ESTABLISHED 1871

HEAD OFFICE - - TORONTO

TALKS with MUSSOLINI by Emil Ludwig

Intimate, revealing conversations, man to man, as they faced each other across the dictator's desk—on eighteen different days.
Illustrated, \$3.50

McClelland & Stewart Limited
215 Victoria Street, Toronto

or divine code of which he is to make a digest. He uses it almost uncritically. He accepts it generally at its face value, gives an equal validity to the most contradictory statements, tries to steer a middle course between Scylla and Charybdis and—falls into the sea. Anatole France was right again when he wrote: 'The long life enjoyed by a masterpiece is assured only by the most pitiful adventures in which a part is played by the incoherencies of the pedant as well as by the naïve jests of the artist!'

J. S. WILL

CARSON THE ADVOCATE

THE LIFE OF LORD CARSON, by Edward Marjoribanks (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 455; \$4.00).

THE political career of Edward Carson was a public tragedy. Seldom in our time have such great gifts been devoted so wholeheartedly to the disservice of the community. All his passionate sincerity, all his uncompromising and vigorous courage, all the intellectual directness which drove straight to the essential issue, and the fundamental attractiveness which roused in his followers a passion of personal devotion—all these were spent without reserve in a cause whose roots were fear, malice, and wilful misunderstanding. For all the success which attended his efforts and the honours which crowned his career, Lord Carson was personally responsible for one of the darkest pages, not only in the history of Ireland, but in the history of England as well.

Mr. Marjoribanks was a brilliant member of that group of diehard Tories among whom Carson's name has ever been revered. He had the fullest enthusiasm for Carson's personality, achievements, and political viewpoint. It is, therefore, no small tribute to this volume to say that one may have a violent antipathy to all these things and yet feel admiration and even enthusiasm for the book in which they are embodied. For this account of Carson's earlier career is a most stimulating piece of writing, and one which, within its limits, does full justice to a very striking figure.

It is true that the period with which this volume deals, controversial though its issues are, is less filled with uncompromising antipathies than the phase which succeeds it. The title 'Carson the Advocate', under which this volume was published elsewhere, more truly represents its contents than does the title of the present Canadian edition. It closes in the year 1910, with Carson's acceptance of the leadership of the Irish Unionist party. The unique and disastrous period of his career is still ahead. It is true that he is already in politics, and that his political views, as well as those of his biographer, may even at this stage prove a rock of offence to the unsympathetic reader. But their part in the chronicle is comparatively small. The chief theme is the rise of Carson to the summit of the legal profession by sheer unaided talent; and the reader will be remarkably tenacious of his prejudices who feels no sympathetic response to the lively and dramatic way in which that rise is chronicled.

The career of a great criminal lawyer inevitably lends itself to drama. Few detective novels can be more exciting than the account of an important trial, with its probings, its evasions, its quest for truth among the most elusive and tenuous clues.

The element of conflict, not only between the advocates for the prosecution and the defence, but even more in the record of cross-examination, is peculiarly present in the case of Carson, for it was in cross-examination that he particularly excelled. One of the happiest talents of his biographer is the quality of imagination which enables him to picture the human qualities of the situation and the long conflict which draws to a dramatic climax as the relentless questions of the advocate draw the reluctant truth to light. The precision of mind with which Carson seized on the essential point at issue, the dogged patience with which he pursued it, the stark effectiveness of the final damning admissions which he forced from witnesses or principals, make truly exciting reading. The description of the Oscar Wilde libel suit, or the case of young Archer-Shee, is admirable and vivid, and from such episodes one draws, as the author intended, a clear and well-rounded picture of Carson himself.

On the whole, the picture is a most attractive one. There are many opportunities for showing Carson's most likeable traits in operation, and naturally none of these are neglected. There are other traits concerning which the reader may not share the author's admiration—traits which had all too full scope in the years which were to follow; but they do little to impair the charm of the present volume. One can only wish to the author's successor a full share of the qualities which are exhibited in this book. He will need them if he is to be a successful apologist for Carson's later career.

EDGAR MCINNIS

MANAGED CURRENCY

PLANNED MONEY, by Sir Basil Blackett, K.C.B. (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 194; \$1.50).

OUR DAILY PAY, by Lt. Com. J. W. Kenworthy R.N.M.P. (Search Pub.; pp. 137; 3/6).

THESE are both excellent books. Sir Basil Blackett has been a finance expert and government adviser since pre-war days in Canada and India as well as in England. His book is the summing up of his experience and is written with the restraint of the expert. The condensation and understatement, and the fact that it deals so largely with first principles, make it the sort of book that provides something new on each re-reading.

Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy has been called the stormy petrel of the House of Commons. He does not employ either restraint or understatement in describing the political and economic events since the war. As a naval officer he 'suffers fools badly', so naturally he fails to keep on good terms with the financial pundits. His book gives the reasons.

Planned Money begins with a section on planning in general, and the fatal and universal lack of it in all governments today. A list of fourteen urgent reforms is given, about all of which nothing is being done. The reason for this inaction is the fact that our political and economic machinery is breaking down. The main cause for this breakdown is the absence of any deliberate planning for the future, with the result that government action when finally taken, is of a hurried, last minute variety, which often fails to achieve the desired end, and which too often conflicts violently with other government measures already in being. Our statesmen are so

overburdened with immediate details and with the needs of the party-politics game that they have neither time nor energy for statesmanship. Not until an improved parliamentary system allows them time for their true function of planning ahead can we expect better things.

The main part of the book is an analysis of the money question, both local and international. The most vital need of the world at this time is a stable standard of value. The Gold Standard has shown itself hopelessly unstable both for internal and for external trade, and has now broken down completely. We know how to link our monetary system to the Commodity Price Index and until we do this we need expect no trade revival. For internal trade this presents no serious difficulty, given a central bank and an honest government. The fundamental point is that all governmental expenses shall be met by taxation and loans and not by 'ways and means advances'. The knowledge that government is financing itself by the printing-press quickly undermines public confidence. Aside from this point a central bank would have little difficulty in stabilizing prices, and the method for doing this is given in detail.

For foreign trade in the immediate future a modified Gold Standard will probably be necessary; though the post-war development of three world money markets, London, Paris, and New York, in place of one, has enormously complicated the working of any international standard. A strong plea is made on behalf of Sterling, with pegged exchanges, at least within the 'Economic British Empire'. In spite of England having gone off gold, Sterling is still the most important medium of international exchange. Members of such a sterling group could trade merrily with each other, while the gold standard countries continued to stagnate. This course offers few risks and great hopes for a return of prosperity. The book concludes with two charts which point the moral of a stable price level with dramatic force.

Our Daily Pay is a slashing attack on the Merchant Bankers of London and their fellow International Loan Sharks of Paris and New York. These gentry make their profits more surely and in greater amounts with their countries on the Gold Standard. Why should they care for the interests of Industry, Trade, or even of the commercial bankers; still less for the political complications of their foreign loan business? As their agent these merchant bankers have used their own private bank, commonly known as the Bank of England, and by its coercion of the government they have forced a steady policy of deflation on the country for twelve unhappy years. The result has been a growth of unemployment and social unrest and a lowering of living standards, in spite of an abundance of men, machines and material such as the world has never known before. After all these sacrifices the Gold Standard was abandoned in September, 1931. The remedies are stated with a force and directness that does credit to the navy. The Bank of England must be made in fact what it is in name. A managed currency linked to the Commodity Price Index will give a stable price level, and the government will then be able to make currency and credit keep step with increasing production. This will at long last, give the producers a

Have You HEARD The New Series of RECORDS

ON

"Brush Up Your French"?

You will find them most
HUMOUROUS, INTERESTING, and INSTRUCTIVE

Records are also available for the following:

"BRUSH UP YOUR GERMAN"

"BRUSH UP YOUR SPANISH"

"BRUSH UP YOUR ITALIAN"

Call for DEMONSTRATION or ask for FREE LEAFLET
giving full particulars.

J. M. DENT AND SONS, LIMITED
224 Bloor Street West, Toronto 5, Ontario

J. M. DENT AND SONS, LIMITED
1300 Robson Street, Vancouver, B.C.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS LIMITED
91 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Ontario

RENOUF PUBLISHING CO.
1433 McGill College Avenue, Montreal, Quebec

or
CANADIAN LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
430 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, Quebec

LIFE begins at FORTY

In the forties men and women
can find more and wiser enjoy-
ment, greater achievement than
in youth—and equally good
health.

This book shows how.

by Walter B. Pitkin
author of "The Art of Learning"
\$1.75

Maclelland & Stewart, Limited, Toronto

chance to buy the things they produce. As matters are 'only war or revolution can burst the bonds of our monetary system.'

An immediate emergency measure is sketched in detail. The purpose is to raise wholesale prices before the world goes smash. This scheme is essentially the payment of a National Dividend in weekly amounts to the poor. Such persons would neither hoard nor invest the money but would spend it immediately for consumers goods. This would give industry a chance to function again. These payments could be gradually extended and by watching the Price Index Barometer the amount of deflation could be controlled to that needed to bring wholesale prices back to the level of 1928. This need involve little or no rise in retail prices, which have been kept up quite shamelessly during the whole of the depression.

The book is admirably written and offers one of the best available introductions to the modern Economics of Plenty.

A. GOULDING

CHESTERTONIAN CATHOLICISM

CHAUCER, by G. K. Chesterton (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 310; \$2.50).

THE *American Spectator*, newly launched house-organ of a fistful of New York's intelligentsia (perish the word!) recently publicized this biographical debauch of Chesterton's as 'the worst book of the month'. I do not altogether agree with the comment; in the week of that announcement I read a new volume of Made-in-Canada poetry, which the *Spectator's* book editor could not have seen. But the remark, harsh as it is, will not bear much softening.

In his biography of Browning, Chesterton wrote an agreeable enough book on the poet of that name; but in this biography of Chaucer, he has ground out a foggy 300 odd pages about Medieval Catholicism and Chestertonian metaphysics. Chaucer will not be read any more widely, nor will he be better understood because of it. On the other hand, Falstaff Gilbert will take unto himself a greater share of disapprobation because of it. These are hard, if general lines.

Now for specific criticism. There is very little actual material here that you will not find expressed with greater clarity and less annoying phrase trickery in more widely circulated books on Chaucer. In addition, Dan Chesterton's sources are not the latest available. Though duly chaptered with some show of classification, the text wanders pretty much all over the place. That is possibly because G.K.C. is finding it harder than ever to stick to one straight line of argument; but must go rocketing off at tangents suggested by every new paradox that punctuates the sentence after next.

For instance, he makes the plausible stipulation that to know Chaucer one must know Chaucer's England. After that you do not read much about Chaucerian England; but you read an infernal lot about Chestertonian Catholicism.

And what an old harridan she is, this strictly R.C. Muse of Chesterton! Her freshness, like his youth, is gone; her glib precepts have become iron-lipped tenets, as his flexible trick of paradox has stiffened to a harsh mannerism.

Either the glory has departed or he writes far too much, and too fast. And Publishers' notices are available which promise further biographies on Napoleon and Savanarola. If these advertisements are true Herr Ludwig will require to look to his royalties. But Herr Chesterton will require to think of his soul's salvation.

LEO KENNEDY

CONTRIBUTORS

LEON EDEL is a graduate of McGill University, and spent three years at the University of Paris. He is now living in Montreal.

F. B. HOUSSEY was born in Winnipeg. For four years he was financial editor of *The Toronto Star*. He is a frequent contributor, on financial questions, to numerous periodicals and newspapers. His book, *A Canadian Art Movement*, published a few years ago, is well known.

ALLAN LATHAM graduated from McGill in 1926. His home has always been in Montreal, although he is now teaching economics at Williams College, Massachusetts.

D. C. MACGREGOR is a lecturer in economics at the University of Toronto.

W. S. McCULLOUGH is a lecturer in the Department of Oriental Languages at University College, Toronto.

MARION NELSON, who for several years was engaged in publishing in London, England, is the wife of a lecturer on the staff of Queen's University.

NORMAN McL. ROGERS is on the staff of Queen's University.

ELIZABETH WYN-WOOD was born in Orillia, and studied at the Ontario College of Art. She is an Associate Member of the Royal Canadian Academy, and a member of the Sculptors' Society of Canada. She is recognized as one of the really creative Canadian sculptors, and her work has been exhibited at most of the important art exhibitions in Canada, in recent years.



SHORT NOTICES

FOREIGN BODIES: A Tragi-Comedy, by Nikolai Gubsky (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; pp. 338; 7/6).

With a little more artistic seriousness and concentration this novel might have been the epic of the Russian *émigration*. As things stand, it is one of those strange compounds of flat eccentricity and authentic genius such as only the Russian mind can produce. It has, of course, no formal construction (few even of the great Russian novels have that); it is simply a series of scenes in which various types of Russian exiles pass across a background of English and cosmopolitan life in London and a town of Northern England. The reactions of the foreigners to English life and customs form one of the minor points of interest in the work; but, on the whole, what strikes one as most piquant in the book is the way in which Dostoyevskian 'discussions' and 'lacerations' in the high-pitched Russian key proceed in the phlegmatic English air with sublime indifference to its sedative qualities. The weakest scenes in the novel are the deliberately satirical ones—the chapters on the 'Russian Committee' in London and on the consular corps in 'Northborough'; this too is quite in the Russian tradition, to which satire seems ungenial. On the other hand, the genuine Russian humour (closer even than the English to the drollery of life itself) finds its outlet in the domestic scenes of the Kurtcheninov family, where that curious Russian blend of zestfulness and listlessness finds abundant illustration. Yet the comedy of the surface never allows us to forget the tragedy beneath, the only too real tragedy of many Russian *émigrés*, borne with a *panache* or a fatalistic fortitude which occasional lapses into neurasthenia and hysteria only bring into sharper relief. Some of the characters like Mme. Kurtcheninov and the Frenchman La Brière will remain in the reader's memory as among the most touching he has met in fiction. And most of this is conveyed, not by narrative or analysis, but in that perfectly natural yet vitally interesting dialogue that seems to be the secret of even minor Russian novelists — and of Shakespeare and Dickens perhaps alone outside of Russia.

When I say 'of Russian novelists', I must add that this is not a translation. It is a novel in English by a Russian (apparently an *émigré* himself). As a linguistic achievement it is one of the most astonishing books this reviewer has ever come across. In 338 pages crammed with the most colloquial dia-

logue not a single un-English idiom will be found. For readers who do not know Russian and who find English translations of the great Russian novelists stilted, this book can perform unique service by leading them straight into the Russian mind on the wings of their own language.

A. F. B. C.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE, compiled and edited by Sir Paul Harvey (The Clarendon Press; pp. viii, 866; \$4.50).

A work of erudition with the imprint of this distinguished publishing house is likely to be an addition to any scholar's library. *The Oxford Companion*, it is true, does not aim so high, but is intended 'for ordinary everyday readers of English literature'. Within the purely English sphere the work has been done conscientiously. The biographical matter, compressed largely from the D.N.B., has been brought up to date. The plots of countless obscure plays and novels provide a fund of information difficult to find so readily elsewhere. The scope is catholic, especially in the general headings; it is possible to look up *Baby Austin* or document oneself on *Felix the Cat* (with a foot-note on *Mickey Mouse*). Works of foreign literature which have any bearing on the English field have also been included, and here there are distinct traces of careless scholarship and an insular approach which is a generation behind the times. Daudet's *Jack* was not 'an imitation of Dickens', the fact that *Athalie* is often read in English schools does not make it 'Racine's greatest play, Lesage is not the inventor of the *Diabole Boiteux*, and so on. When these slipshod methods are carried over into the field of American letters or to other non-English works written in the English language, one becomes a little impatient. It is a pity that a work of such obvious usefulness was not more carefully revised.

F. H. W.

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK. A Short Biography, by William James Loudon (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 384; \$3.00).

This may be described, in the words of an American historian, as one of the polyanthals of history. It is certainly more in the nature of a story by Horatio Alger—without its interest—than a biography, even a 'Short Biography'; and as a study of the subject or as throwing any light whatever on the last 80-odd years of Canadian life it is quite useless. We have Sunday school pictures of 'little William Mulock on a fishing trip', and homely sketches of

the young man at college where his capacity for hard work, which he seems to have regarded as God's noblest gift, led him to the point of looking even upon examinations 'with a pleasant sense of duty'. There are chapters on Sir William Mulock's political life without a vestige of the rough and combative flavour that actually attended it. And there are conventional speeches by the score. But the stamp of mediocrity prevails everywhere and we shall have to wait for a biography of Sir William Mulock that is readable and a worthy contribution to the sources of Canadian history. The only humour one could find in the book was unconscious and has already been noted elsewhere. For Mr. Price's solemn introductory note on the conviction of the Communist party—if one may call it such—once more appears, in which he points out that 'Communism' (like Christ) 'brings not peace but a sword, and for that reason is unwelcome in our midst.'

T. W. L. M.

THE UNIVERSITY IN A CHANGING WORLD. A Symposium Edited by Walter M. Kotschnig (Oxford University Press; pp. 224; \$2.25).

The twofold value of this symposium lies in its factual informative character as well as in the variety of national mentalities revealed through the problematic attitude of each of the eight contributors towards the types of the individual national universities. In a short introduction Walter Kotschnig, the secretary of the International Student Service, sums up the issue of the present discussion on the position of the universities in our changing world. Everywhere, except perhaps in France with her self-sufficient intellectual culture, since and before the war, the continuity of educational ideas has been broken and a reconstruction of fundamental ideals of higher learning has been undertaken, which varies in aims and tendencies according to national character. The contributions to this volume, therefore 'appear to be studies in national psychology rather than

PICKERING COLLEGE

NEWMARKET - ONTARIO

A Residential School for Boys

"It is the task of education to transmit the acquired wisdom of the ages, and to prepare each successive generation to meet those problems peculiar to its own times."

Never was this dual task more important than at the present.

By our programme of academic and special courses, and with particular attention to the problems of individual students, it is our endeavour to adequately discharge this duty.

For information regarding the programme of activities, bursaries, scholarships, etc., write the Headmaster, Joseph McCulley, B.A.

essays on the common essence of the universities'.

Prof. Fantini's conception of Liberty in the Fascist University, 'The University of Soviet Russia' by A. Pinkevitch, and Prof. von Hildebrandt's essay on 'The Catholic University', all reveal the complete break of intellectual organization with the 'Liberal' tradition, a desire for an absolute, which has, in certain countries, been the creative force behind all claims of the universities for their position as true embodiments of a 'new nationalism'. Such a reduction to a universally accepted principle, however, seems impossible in England, France, or Germany. The distinguishing criterion there is less precise and wider: 'humanism' and the education of an 'élite'. How this élite has to be defined is shown with admirable lucidity in these essays of which not the least interesting are those on American Universities by Flexner and Clarence Shedd. The problems of American higher education are familiar to readers on this continent. The experimental character of its system appears all the more significant and interesting the more carefully one considers the disintegration and revaluation of European University ideals.

V. L.

THE MAN WHO WENT ON BUSINESS, by Norman Tiptaft (Tiptaft Ltd.; pp. 147; 5/-).

Mr. Tiptaft has written a lively book recording his experiences and impressions on a rapid business trip through India, Malaya, China, Japan, and Canada. He doubtless started out with an open mind on many questions, but his capacity for forming fixed prejudices on fragmentary information must be astonishing. Some of his prejudices would, of course, coincide with sound judgments by deeper students.

The book contains a great many sweeping generalizations, and this involves contradictions. He despises students of economics who have no good commercial training, yet he complains that business men 'have now learned by bitter experience what we could have learned from any elementary textbook on economics'. Perhaps it is only advanced economics that is despicable? He complains of inefficiency in business but insists on no interference from outside—except in agriculture, where the government is to seize complete control within a year if the farmer doesn't do what Mr. Tiptaft thinks so obviously necessary, and so simple.

After one short visit to India he dismisses national aspirations in India: 'The fact remains, that as Europeans go out and Indians go in to the various

Government departments, those departments become less efficient. To the unbiased mind, it appears stupid to sacrifice efficiency on the alter (sic) of democracy.' (Perhaps that 'alter' is meant as a joke?) The gunboat policy is, of course, best for both Chinese and foreigners in China.

As for Canada: 'the real occupation of the Canadian is golf, or failing golf, fishing.' 'But Toronto is above everything, the City of Conventions.' 'Montreal is a curious example of how England governs its Dominions.' (Statute of Westminster? Never heard of it!)

The publisher (Tiptaft Ltd.) says this book 'is more fascinating than any novel'. One may agree more readily with Mr. Tiptaft's general conclusion: 'Plan or Perish'. But one does not necessarily agree with his idea of who is best suited to have the final word in the planning.

C. A. A.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY HANDBOOK (Oxford University Press; pp. 465; \$1.50).

Excellent as Canadian universities are in many respects, it is still desirable that as many students as possible should exchange their somewhat provincial conservatism for the more arduous and stimulating atmosphere of the great European centres. In the matter of offering full and complete information to prospective students, the *Oxford University Handbook* is outstanding. It includes a short history of the University, with special articles, brief but full of matter, on the distinctive features of the Oxford system, the facilities it offers to students, the demands it makes on them.

The constitution of the University, the courses of study, the architecture, the careers to which the University leads, the libraries, laboratories, and museums, are clearly and succinctly described. There are also chapters on sports and music, and the social side of college life. Not least valuable is the account of college entrance requirements, and estimated expenses at each. There are 23 plates, 4 maps and plans, and a very full index almost twenty pages long.

L. A. M.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER, by Bonamy Dobrée (Hogarth Press; pp. 359; 7/6).

As one might expect of the sympathetic critic of Etherage and Congreve, Mr. Bonamy Dobrée's first novel is not only comedy of manners but finely wrought. More than that, it is very nearly superb.

He stages his scene with extraordinary effect in Cairo, giving one a sense of vast expanses, the Nile with 'bending masts tapering to the sky', the 'rib of

the hills dark above the leaping white of minarets', surfaces chased by the 'indefatigable centuries'. In the streets he makes one conscious always of the swarming life alien to the European in its 'murmurous undercurrent . . . like a distant song of life just lived for its own sake'. Into this rich vessel he throws his 'porridge of Englishry' with their teas and intrigues, their 'Sporting Club'.

St. Martin's Summer comes to an English matron just turned forty who first 'realizes' herself then, and her need, not for love, but direction, passion grasped and controlled, quietude. She sticks to the scheme she has made 'are we good enough for anything else'—which includes a husband, fond, but as flaccid as drab. She takes a slow and sententious delight in the advances of her passionate rather weak lover, but fends him off until ultimately inertia and the impossibility of winning her goal overcome her resistance. At the end of the book when her husband dies, they marry, for her with ironic unfulfilment.

A difficult enough task this, and in certain scenes it finds magnificent achievement, but at times the only person in whom one feels the throb of life is the author. One might make the same criticism of the novelist as of the critic. The man who could capture the spirit of Restoration comedy in unforgettable metaphor failed in consistent analysis. So here, at the challenge of a scene his words flick into life, but the close Jamesian probe his enterprise needs is beyond him. In the process the characters lose their vitality.

G. W. D.

THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS FUNCTIONS, by C. H. Best and N. B. Taylor (W. J. Gage; pp. 417; \$3.50).

It is a difficult task for the man of science to write a book suitable for popular consumption. It is a still more difficult task for him to write a book not only attractive to the intelligent laymen, but also pedagogically sound and entirely up-to-date. He has to steer his way between a specious, misleading simplicity on the one hand, and on the other a stilted academic correctness which may be repellant to the majority of his readers. Not only this, but he must at the same time avoid both heavy gabbling and marvellous-sound-of-God patter as he would the influenza. In this book the steering has been excellent, and a sound, readable and remarkably up-to-date introduction to human physiology has resulted.

In the modern world, no man can be considered even approximately equip-

ped intellectually unless he has a stable background of biology against which to regard both the amazing developments taking place today in this lively science, and the social, economic, and biological changes that are being brought about by man's rapidly increasing control over natural processes. As far as human physiology is concerned, this book provides such a background, and should be read by everyone who is interested in obtaining an accurate outline of this field of knowledge without delving deeply into the larger and more advanced text books and monographs.

One or two minor criticisms may be made. On p. 35 there is the erroneous suggestion that the globin of haemoglobin may come directly from the food without previous breakdown; on p. 37 the rather pointless endeavour is made to rank the chemical elements in the order of their biological importance; on pp. 143-144 (if the reviewer reads aright) cane sugar is stated to be made up of two molecules of glucose; on pp. 147, 165, and occasionally elsewhere, obsolescent terms such as 'ferment', 'amyllopsin', 'steapsin', 'soda bicarbonate', etc., are used when what is meant is 'enzyme', 'amylase', 'lipase', 'sodium bicarbonate'. These are, however, minor errors which will doubtless receive attention in a future edition.

H. D. K.

DISARMAMENT, by Arthur Ponsonby (Hogarth Press; Day to Day Pamphlets, No. 14; pp. 45; 1/6).

Both Disarmament and the Oxford Group, widespread movements, and no doubt initiated and supported by people who at least pretend to know what they are talking about, seem to fight the devil by discussing him. The problem and the principles of disarmament have been the topic of international conversations for nearly half a generation. Not that this leads anywhere—but the humanitarian elements among our contemporaries wish to contribute their share to our civilization—even if such an activity should remain purely verbal. Lord Ponsonby's pamphlet on the subject is as precise and as impartial an account of the issue as any book can be. Advocate, Officer, and Layman weigh the arguments with which their respective classes generally tackle the question. The failure of even the most recent negotiations to come to a preliminary international agreement have not ended in a success or even hopefully. Nevertheless, 'disarmament by example' is necessary, and, it seems the only practical solution of a complex task. Such a step, if it could be taken cour-

ageously would not only be an advance towards Christian precept, and would be acceptable to rationalist and economist, but it would by military authorities be admitted to be the only alternative 'to keeping up to the highest point the efficiency of the services, and, although supporters of the League of Nations are rather inclined to think that it queers their pitch, I submit that it is of value to the real authority of the League as a warning of the danger of deluding the world by unreal and misleading decisions.'

V. L.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

FRUITS OF THE EARTH, by Frederick Philip Grove (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. viii, 335; \$2.00).

5,000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA, compiled by Frank Yeigh (Canadian Facts Publishing Co.; pp. xii, 72; \$.35).

SIR EDMUND WALKER, by G. P. de T. Glazebrook (Oxford University Press; pp. xv, 160; \$3.00).

GENERAL

NOT ALL JOY, by Dermot Freyer (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; pp. 248; 7/6).

A BOOK OF THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP, by Horace J. Knowles (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; 1/-).

CRIME FOR PROFIT, edited by Ernest D. MacDougall (Stratford Co.; pp. xx, 355; \$2.00).

NANSEN, by E. E. Reynolds (G. Bles; pp. xi, 274; 10/6).

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS. Arranged by Margaret Cushing Osgood (Cape-Nelson; pp. 764; 15/-).

BRITAIN: WHITHER WENDING? by John Seccombe (Gale & Polden; pp. 56; 1/-).

VIEWS OF THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT ON THE LYTTON REPORT, by Dr. V. K. W. Koo (Chinese Delegation to the League of Nations; pp. 46).

MOURNFUL NUMBERS, by Colin Ellis (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 125; \$1.50).

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE COMEDY, by Francis Bickley (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 276; \$3.00).

THE BULPINGTON OF BLUP, by H. G. Wells (Macmillans in Canada; pp. ix, 414; \$2.50).

ANN VICKERS, by Sinclair Lewis (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 562; \$2.50).

THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRABBE, by His Son (Oxford University Press; pp. xxiv, 316; \$.60).

MARIA JANE JEWSEBURY, by Eric Gillett (Oxford University Press; pp. lxxvii, 107; \$2.00).

THE LIFE OF LORD CROMER, by the Marquis of Zetland (Mussion; pp. 366; 25/-).

PERSONALITY, MANY IN ONE, by James Winfred Bridges (Stratford Co.; pp. 215; \$2.00).

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1808-1811, edited by H. J. C. Grierson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xv, 544; \$5.00).

THE PEOPLE AND THE CONSTITUTION, by Cecil S. Emden (Oxford University Press; pp. 336; \$4.50).

CAPITALISM AND COMMUNISM, A RECONCILIATION, by Oscar Newfang (Putnam; pp. xviii, 278).

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Fruits of the Earth

THIS is a novel of the West by an author who knows whereof he writes. Frederick Philip Grove has written several books and undoubtedly this is one of the finest.

Robert Greynon in 'Everyman' has selected this book as the novel of the week. He says,

"It is a novel of Empire, in the best sense, a contribution to history as well as an entertaining tale.

"The story is of Abe Spalding, who in 1900 left his home in Ontario to take up a claim on the plains of Manitoba. He went with his young, newly married wife, who knew nothing of roughing it on a farm, and with little money, but with plenty of determination and courage. He made his claim, put up a shack, reared a family and became in the course of time a well-off man. Here we read how he did it, his struggles with flood and drought, with himself, with his family, and his neighbours. We read of his mistakes and his successes, and, in addition to getting a wonderfully detailed picture of prairie life, there is a fine human story.

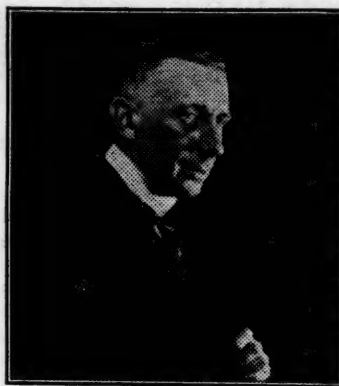
"The novel is drawn on a large scale, and the

central character is made to match it. Abe is a big fellow physically and mentally; he is absorbed in his material struggle. He lets nothing divert him from his purpose. Neither

his wife nor children nor anything else stands in his way, and when he takes part in local affairs he will not let even that slacken his grip upon the work of his farm. His wife becomes slatternly and he hardly knows his children. But he is not a blind man and a fool. He sees what is happening, and realizes that he is neglecting a thing of fundamental importance. Constantly through his life

the question pursues him, 'He had worked and slaved: what for? . . . His mind hovered over his life as the marsh-hawk hovers over the prairie lifted to the sky.' We leave him at the end discovering that 'he had lived to himself and had had to learn that it could not be done.' He remains a strong figure still, though his children have left him, and one of them is in disgrace, and he is left alone in the great house with his old fat wife.

"There are not many novels of Canadian life, and few that are notable; but this is certainly a great book.



FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

Price \$2.⁰⁰ at all Booksellers

J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited
"Aldine House" 224 Bloor St. West, Toronto 5, Ont.
 1300 Robson St., Vancouver, B. C.

the
in
et
ne
no
his
art
no
rig
m
nly
hil
ine
ha
zes
ing
ace
life
and
ver
the
the
self
ne.
his
a in
rent
life
nly

d
nt.
C.